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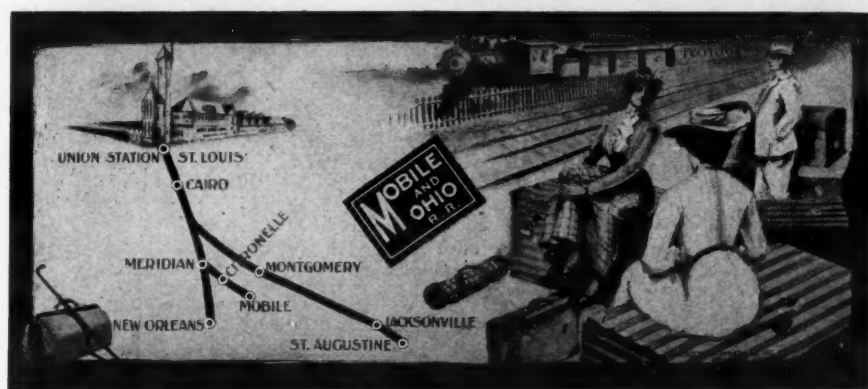
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# The Mirror

VOL. XIV—No. 17

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1904.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## REFLECTIONS

By William Marion Reedy

### A Danger in the Fair.

THIS World's Fair of ours is a fair of "functions." There has never been at any fair so much social entertaining, so many gatherings of a formal society sort. This enlivens the Fair, it is true; but the cost—that's what we must think of. It is as certain as anything can be that many of the prominent citizens identified with the Fair who have to be present at the greater number of the affairs alluded to are wearing themselves out, and the end of the Fair will find them broken in health, old before their time. It is a moral and physical certainty that another result of the Fair's social rush and bustle will be the breakdown of a number of the leading women of the city who are on the go daily and nightly in the fulfilment of social obligations entailed upon them by the swarms of visitors who have to be shown attentions. The physicians will be doing a land office business after the Fair. This is the conclusion that must be reached by anyone who has had opportunity to study the gatherings during the past thirty days. Therefore it behooves the people upon whom these activities are thrust to begin at once to take all possible care of themselves and conserve their energies to the greatest possible extent. Men cannot be up the greater part of every night, wining, dining, making conversation and then be at their offices bright and early and fully fit for business. They must break away earlier from functions of all sorts or else sleep later. Women cannot keep up the pace day and night and keep their health and spirits and good looks. All the social leaders would do well to consult their physicians more frequently now and get pointers on diet and upon proper exercise. The social life is the hardest sort of hard work, and it draws upon all powers, mental and physical, to an extent that few persons imagine. The Fair management can help out the situation somewhat by shutting down on elaborate affairs to some extent. They can cut them short. They can check the banqueting. They can get away from the affairs they attend as quickly as possible. We all want the Fair to be a big success, but we don't it to be so at the expense of the broken health or the loss of life or reason of the best people in the city. It is time to call a halt on the gaiety that is already beginning to wear somewhat of a tragic aspect. It is time for the people who have to do the Fair's functioning to begin to look out for themselves. The matter is serious, and any physician of experience will tell you so in language more emphatic than is used in this paragraph.



### Time-Sense in Women.

BULLY for Robert MacDougall, of New York University! You will ask what he has done. He has done a great thing. He has made the discovery, reported in *Science*, that the time-sense in women is deficient as compared with that of man. The women cannot estimate time at all. This explains much. It explains why it is that lovely woman is

never ready when you call to take her to the theater or to church. It explains why it is that when she says she "will be down in three minutes" you have to wait for her three-quarters of an hour. It explains why it is that when you have an engagement to meet her at the club for dinner at a certain hour she never shows up until half an hour later. Poor thing! She can't help it. Her time-sense is deficient. She thinks a minute and a quarter is ten minutes—when she has to wait for you. If you say you'll be home to dinner at 6 o'clock and get in about four minutes after she vows you're behind at least a half hour. When you don't get home to dinner at all, and show up about 10:30 p. m. boisterously bidding good-bye to some cronies in a cab—you don't know what she thinks, she thinks so fast. Dr. MacDougall has provided a scientific excuse for her. The dear creature's time-sense is deficient. That's all there is to it. She is only thoroughly efficient in time-sense when she wants a new bonnet or a new gown. She knows the day she wants to wear it, and the place she wants to wear it, and the people she wants to see it, and she knows all this weeks in advance of the day and date. That, however, is not a matter of judging time. It is a matter of instinct, and instinct, we know, is in many cases, greater than reason. So let us not get angry at lovely woman when she keeps us waiting while she dresses or while she stops on the street to talk to a friend. We cannot expect her to change her nature, because the slightest change in her would destroy her infinite variousness and mutability. If she had better time-sense she might not be half so interesting as she is. We might not get mad at her, and if we didn't get mad at her we'd miss the fun of making up with her, than which there is nothing more supremely delectable in all the world. As a mere matter of personal opinion, I would say that any woman who has good time-sense, or any other kind of good sense, is very foolish to disclose it. Men do not like women of superabundant good sense. Why? Because when a woman has good sense she has so much more sense than a man that he loves his sense of fancied superiority and he goes about looking for some other woman who will appreciate him. A woman of good sense makes a man look like a lead dime. The only good sense he likes in a woman is her good sense in agreeing or seeming to agree with him. So let woman carefully cultivate her deficient time-sense and her deficiencies of all other kinds of sense. Then in the eye of man, fool man, she will always be his queen, his heart's desire.



### That Telegram to Carroll.

THE *Globe-Democrat* has published what purports to be a telegram from W. D. Vandiver, manager of Mr. Folk's gubernatorial campaign, to Mr. John H. Carroll, stating that the former in the conduct of the canvass was following the latter's instructions to the letter. It has been freely charged from time to time that Mr. Folk was the beneficiary of the advice



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of railroad lobbyists, and as Mr. Carroll is the lobbyist of the Burlington railroad the telegram would appear to furnish proof of the charges. The question is whether the telegram is authentic. Mr. Folk says the telegram as printed is a "distortion." The word is diplomatic, but unfortunate. Why a "distortion?" What right has the manager of a reform campaign having anything whatever to do with professional lobbyists? The *Globe-Democrat* story looks mighty suspicious. Messrs. Folk and Vandiver should certainly meet the charge more directly than by calling it a "distortion." If it be a distortion let us know what was the original message that was distorted. If the explanation be not forthcoming a great many people will be justified in thinking of Mr. Folk that "the gobble uns have got him." The people are entitled to the facts from a man whom they have greatly trusted and highly honored as a spotless purificationist. They are not ready to condemn him on the *Globe-Democrat's* showing. They are half afraid that the story is a canard. They should have their minds set at ease on a subject of so much importance to the cause of "civic righteousness."



### Miss Roosevelt's Visit.

SICKENING has been the attention bestowed upon Miss Alice Roosevelt by the mob during her attendance at the Fair. She has been stared at, followed, jostled about in scandalous fashion, and her visit must have been spoiled to a great extent by the persistency with which she was snap-shotted by the camera fiends of all ages and sexes. Some of the local papers catering to the mob went to the last extreme of silliness in reporting the young lady's comings and goings and doings. They reported her slightest exclamation on every occasion. They became on one or two occasions nauseating in the intimacy of their descriptions of her doings. They reached the acme of silliness when they published the story that Miss Roosevelt's coming had had the effect of cutting down local swell society from 400 to 100, and went on to describe the grief and chagrin of those who had not been invited to meet the young lady. What rot! Miss Roosevelt was here as the guest of a certain school friend. That school friend invited to meet her guest the people constituting the hostess's intimate circle. She could not have been expected to call the whole town to her teas and luncheons and receptions. Miss Roosevelt is in no sense a public personage in whom the crowd has a sort of property right. She could not be introduced to everybody from everywhere, and as a sensible person would have objected to any such program for her entertainment. It would have been anything but entertaining to her, however delightful it might have been to the mob. The young lady suffered enough as it was, with the inescapable kodakers and the silly reporters who thought it worth chronicling that she called a certain Congressman friend of hers by his nickname in a crowd, or that she said this thing was "dear" or that thing was "glorious." The manner of Miss Roosevelt's treatment was not such as to reflect credit on the taste or the delicacy of the people. The crowd may have meant well, and probably it did; but the exhibition throughout was little short of disgusting to any sensible person.



### Annoying Trifles.

THE World's Fair is a people's fair. Therefore the people should be permitted to see it without danger to life and limb from the carriages and automobiles dashing along the Fair thoroughfares. The exclusion of vehicles from the Fair grounds would be a wise act on the part of the management. I should say also that the management should not

charge admittance to the grounds to those people who are especially invited to evening functions on the grounds. This thing of being invited as a guest to a place and then having to put up money to get into the place is absurd and ridiculous. It may be a trifle, but it is exceedingly annoying.



### Fatuous Talk.

THERE'S a good deal of vacuous, futile writing about the failure of gold exports to weaken the financial strength of this country. No sensible, experienced person imagined that the exportation of \$60,000,000 gold would precipitate a panic. For the present, the monetary position is more reassuring than it has been at any time in the last three years. As long as stock and land and commodity speculation is kept in check, no grave flurries are likely to occur in the money markets. At the same time, however, it may be said without fear of authoritative contradiction, that the shipment of an additional \$50,000,000 in gold would quickly change the situation for the worse again. We are none too strong financially, though we would be "on velvet" had there been less security manufacturing and wild-cat inflation in the last few years.



JUDGE ALTON BROOKS PARKER is still a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President—very still. This jest is trite, but true.



### Mr. Cortelyou.

It is said that George Bruce Cortelyou, who is to manage the Republican National Campaign this year, was a Democrat until 1892. However that may be, Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou is in some respects the ideal political manager. He is the politest man that ever was; he takes off his hat when he talks to a lady over the telephone. He absorbed a vast deal of the suavity of McKinley, while serving him as private secretary. He can command funds in abundance, for he is Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and knows where to look for the cash, who have been the beneficiaries of Republican policies. Mr. Cortelyou is discretion incarnate. He has never even delivered a telling speech. He is a pacifier, a good go-between for Mr. Roosevelt and the old crowd that was shouldered off from the White House when Roosevelt succeeded McKinley. Taking all things into consideration, with Hanna and Quay both gone, and Payne under a cloud, and Platt busy watching Odell in New York, and Spooner with his hands full of insurgent La Follette in Wisconsin, there did not and does not seem to be a better man for campaign manager than the suave Mr. Cortelyou.



### Senator Quay.

MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY is dead, and the obituarists have done him scant justice. They have told us little beyond what offices he held, what crimes he was charged with. They have told us nothing of Quay, the man of culture, the book and art lover, the man who won Roosevelt to a great extent, on the latter's literary side, the man of gentle manner whose friendships were touchingly tender, the friend who never failed a friend. This mighty Boss, this monster of political iniquity, this man whom *Puck*, years ago, cartooned in convict stripes, was loved with a loyalty that mere "hope of favors to come" cannot explain. Whosoever met Quay in his home met a man of compelling personal and intellectual charm, a man of glowing heart and beautiful mind. To be sure, he was "a practical politician;" he played the game according to the rules thereof, and they are not ethi-

cal rules we know; he struck hard; he used every tool that lay near to his hand to win with; he was splendidly daring in his political tactics and Machiavellian in his methods. But we must remember that he was pictured mostly in exaggerated lines and tones by professional, puritanical and hypocritical exaggerators of whom the type was and is John Wanamaker. Matthew Stanley Quay was never a pharisee—which is more than can be said for Wanamaker.



GERTRUDE ATHERTON says that American literature is "the most anæmic, the most bourgeois that any country has ever known." Mrs. Atherton has written some books that were aphrodisiac rather than anæmic and passionate beyond the possibility of bourgeois feeling. Mrs. Atherton has succeeded, and her name ranks high among our most "prosperous" authors and authoresses. But, mayhap, Mrs. Atherton's books are not literature.



### Supposing Things.

SUPPOSE it should happen that Mr. Joseph W. Folk of Missouri should happen to be Mr. William Jennings Bryan's candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, what would happen? Mr. Bryan and Mr. Folk have been pretty close to one another recently. Mr. Bryan cannot support Hearst if Hearst should be nominated and the things said about Mr. Hearst be half true. Suppose Mr. Bryan were aided and abetted by Bourke Cockran, Tom Johnson and others with enthusiastic followings. Suppose the South should take kindly to Folk, seeing that he is a Tennessean-Missourian. Suppose it were put up to G. Cleveland, Esq., of Princeton, N. J., whether he would support Folk on Folk's record as the people have been given that record. "But," some one will say, "there's too much supposing about all this." The answer is that there is abundant reason for supposing about the whole Democratic situation. Ninety per cent of the Parker boom to-day is the merest supposing. He wanes rather than waxes. His supporters claim everything, but they have not the figures to support their claims. Every word Mr. Cleveland says for Mr. Parker hurts Parker with the Bryanite element. As for Senator Cockrell of Missouri and his candidacy, did you ever hear the story about the way Joe Bailey of Texas took it? No? Well, a friend met Bailey in Washington, and said, "Joe, what do you think of Senator Cockrell for President?" Bailey looked quizzically at his questioner and said, "On which ticket?" This, in allusion to the fact that Cockrell has voted so often in the Senate with the Republicans. There's no hope for Carter Harrison. Verily, there is likely to be a large bomb exploded in St. Louis early next month, and the Democratic convention, if it doesn't take up Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, may take up David R. Francis, also of Missouri, though, of course, Mr. Francis, having supported Palmer and Buckner in 1896, would be distasteful to Mr. Bryan. This is Missouri's and St. Louis' year, remember!



### Fake Hero Funston.

ANOTHER idol shattered. The mighty Funston, of Kansas, never swam the Rio Grande, in the Philippines. He did swim the Bag-Bag, but it wasn't much of a swim, as he himself confesses. Yet, on the theory that he swam the river ahead of his regiment and then attacked and routed several thousand Filipino insurgents Funston was made a general over the heads of older and more tried and more deserving men. The Funston story of heroic natation finally worked its way into a school history and the school history was adopted for use in the schools of the



Sunflower State. The Kansas school text-book commission took up the matter and recently passed a resolution to the effect that the story had to be excised from the history or the book would be thrown out of the schools. The commissioners then went on to say that credit for the swimming feat stolen by Funston belonged in fact to two privates of Funston's regiment. Thus does Nemesis overtake the suddenest hero that the war with Spain produced. He gained great glory of a certain sort by forgery and confidence game in capturing Aguinaldo. He pretended to be ill and was befriended by the insurgent chief and then captured him. Funston was and is a wind-bag. He had the Kansas knack of advertising himself. He knew how to work the press. But, water will run down hill and everyone will get what's coming to him, and the fakir and the flim-flammer is always shown up in the long run. Funston is thoroughly discredited. His confession that his swimming of the Bag-Bag was "confused" with the action of Privates Twombly and White in swimming the Rio Grande in the face of Filipino fire, would have come with more soldierly grace if it had come earlier and if he hadn't let the lie work out for him the promotion he did not deserve. He obtained his promotion on false pretenses, and if he had his just deserts he would be cashiered from the army now. The country was right when it instinctively made fun of Funston on his first eruptions into the press. But Funston played his game so strongly that he created the impression of real worth behind all his gasconading. How all the heroes of our war with Spain have faded. Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Hobson, Leonard Wood and now Funston—they are all a little speckled through their folly, vanity, envy, favoritism of superiors and finally fakery. Only Roosevelt is left—and there are many people, too many people, who are not certain all the time that he is the real thing he seemed at first to be.



Is it exactly in order to remark that the Red Cross Society has given its founder and president, Miss Clara Barton, "the double cross?" And what a blow her resignation and the society's reorganization is to the idea that "there is no sex in business!"



## The Illinois Deadlock.

THE fight in Illinois for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, still goes merrily on and the "fixers" are unable to fix. Yates, Hamlin and Sherman seem to be the only men who have a chance of getting the honor, but the deadly enmity that existed between them during the past session of the legislature and the promises Hamlin and Sherman then made "to do Yates" probably will keep them from effecting a compromise. They have held several conferences and an effort was made to get the plum for Yates by promising Hamlin and Sherman slices of pie yet unbaked, but the proposal failed simply because Sherman and Yates have learned from experience what to expect of the present governor of the State. Chicago and Cook county would like to elect one of her son's to the governorship, but the rural districts are bitterly opposed to any one indorsed by the Cook county and Chicago delegates. So this probably does away with the chances of Dineen. Still lookers on in Springfield think that they see a little drift towards Dineen and they hear more and more of the practical politics of putting up a reformer like the Cook county District Attorney. They are giving some attention to the argument that the party will be "in bad" if it turns down a reformer when the Democrats of Missouri have so conspicuously supported and approved

of Folk to whom Dineen has often been compared. If Dineen is beaten it will be urged that the crooks he prosecuted control the party, and this argument may send the state into the Democratic column.



## Dr. Briggs Again.

Dr. Charles A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, is surely the most dynamic. He is a heretic who progresses in heresy, and each new article or book that he writes shakes up the religious world like an earthquake. His latest effort is the production of a new harmony of the Gospel with design to shed new light on the life of Jesus Christ. He goes at the Gospels in ruthless fashion, takes what he wants for his purposes and rejects what does not suit him. The result of his labors is given in his latest book and the best opinion of his work is that the new light he has discovered has shown him nothing of real importance. His discovery gives no new clew to the character of the Saviour. He rearranges the chronicled facts to suit himself and mounts a new and empirical chronology of events without adequate foundation for the charges made in the old accepted order of events as told by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. And the most startling thing of all in the work of this heresiarch of the higher criticism is that many good judges of the theological tendencies of his effort are of the opinion that he is drifting into a position in which he must eventually and inescapably be forced into acceptance of some of the most pronounced dogmas of Roman Catholicism. It would be strange, indeed, if the scientific method of investigation of the Bible should lead backward instead of forward. Dr. Briggs is evidently a very earnest spirit, a devoted investigator, and however his work may be judged finally, it must be conceded that what he has written the past half dozen years caused his fellow theologians to do a deal of strenuous thinking along new lines.



## Russia's Danger.

THE repeated successes of the Japanese in Manchuria have so bewildered the Russians in the field and at home, there is no telling what may happen in the Czar's domain were the Mikado's men to sweep over the battlements at Port Arthur, rout its defenders and plant the banner of the rising Sun on its ramparts. The loss of Kin Chou, which was considered well nigh impregnable has tended to thicken the gloom in the Russian Empire and another great disaster may cause an uprising throughout the length and breadth of the Czar's dominions. The people are disappointed. The Russian officers belittled the enemy from the first and boasted they would drive them into sea, but the people have seen the Japs assume the driving while their own soldiers are on the run. The long-looked for and heralded coup which Kuropatkin was to deliver has failed to materialize and this, too, has only served to increase the dejection of the masses. The only consolation Russia draws from the situation is the threat to prolong the war beyond the limit of Japan's financial resources, but this means a gigantic war fund, increased taxes, starvation and hard times at home and it is doubtful the people will submit to such a policy. On the whole, the outlook in the far East is anything but favorable to Russian peace and happiness.



## Gambling on the River.

THE gambling crews that hold forth on the excursion boats, fleecing men, women and children out of their coin, furnish more evidence that the screwing down of the lid on the city is an imprudent as well as ineffective remedy for the evil. It is foolish to suppose that gambling can be suppressed by prohibi-

tion. This drives the gambler into the "sure thing" business and forces him into adjacent rural districts, or onto the pleasure boats on the river, where none but the working class, who can ill afford to gamble, are the chief frequenters. He finds it easy to secure protection in these out-of-the-way places, and puts up a game of a character that is scarcely distinguishable from highway robbery. Were he licensed and permitted to operate in the city this would not be the case, for the authorities could exercise proper supervision over the establishment. The "sure-thing" games on the river should be stopped. If the police are powerless in the premises, the men of prominence in the city, who have an interest in the Excursion Companies, should lend a hand, as the Western Union officials did in New York. Better have no gambling than the kind that preys upon the women and children of the poorer classes.



## Citizenship and Protection.

THE prompt despatch of battleships to Morocco to demand redress of the ransom-seeking Arab brigands who kidnaped the wealthy Mr. Perdcards, raises the question as to whether or not the government is establishing a bad precedent by indiscriminately recognizing the claims of Tom, Dick and Harry to the protection of the United States. It would seem that some distinction should be made between the bona fide and the pseudo American. There are too many of the latter class these days, and it does not appear just or reasonable that the United States should be plunged into war or costly, endless international complications in their behalf. The pseudo citizen is born in the United States, and after he has amassed a fortune, departs, bag and baggage, for some other land to live and spend his wealth. He maintains no ties with the land of his nativity. He has no property rights here, pays no taxes, takes no interest in its political future, and cannot be reached for military service to protect his fatherland. He has, in all respects, practically expatriated himself, yet when he finds himself in Mr. Perdcards' position, he loudly asserts his questionable claim to the protection of the United States. Mr. Perdcards may not be one of them, but should he be, it is a big expense and a long risk the government has taken in setting the machinery to work to secure his freedom. Such Americans are not worth the fuel the battleships consumed in making the run to Morocco.



WHAT has become of Mr. Rudyard Kipling that his muse is not working while a war is on? Certainly he should give us a jingle in support of Japan, which is England's ally, or take another crack at "the Bear that walks like a man." One is almost moved to remark that its Adam Zad thing if Ruddy is not to be permitted to let loose a few lyrics while the fighting is hot.



## Our Amateur Athletic Meet.

THE Amateur Athletic Union's championships, junior and senior, which are to be decided at the Stadium in the Exposition grounds, between Thursday and Saturday of this week, will do much to prove that the United States as a nation is a lover of athletics, and that the youth of the land are trained for purposes other than pursuit of the "almighty dollar." In these games the scions of some of the oldest and wealthiest families in the country will participate. Interest in the meeting is wide-spread. The athletic spirit which had become latent in many institutions, was revived by the intelligent recognition given to such contests by the World's Fair management, and the result is seen in the high class of entries, including some of the



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most exclusive teams of the country, such as the West Point, Harvard and other educational institutions, East, West, North and South. That there will be some new records made, seems almost certain. In the sprints and distance runs, as well as the hurdle, weight and pole vault events, the competitors are so nearly matched that new marks are almost certain to ensue. Much was expected of the meeting between Arthur Duffy, world's champion 100-yard man, and Schick of Harvard, but as the latter was injured in the recent intercollegiate contests down East, he may not meet the Georgetown crack, who on that occasion failed to toe the scratch in the event. As there is but one-fifth of a second difference in their time for the distance, it was thought a new world's record would be made by one or the other in the St. Louis contest. The postponement of this match would be a disappointment to the athletic world generally, but there is just as keen interest in other events that will be closely contested.



### Cuba's Financial Triumph.

THE Cuban republic has fine credit. This is shown by the reports from New York, London and Frankfort, that the new Cuban five per cent bonds have been taken with avidity, and at a price considerably above that quoted for the lately-issued Japanese sixes. Of course, knowledge of the fact that the United States Government exercises, under the Platt amendment, a sort of indirect supervision of Cuban finances constitutes the main reason of this surprisingly strong financial standing. The sale of the thirty-five million dollars in bonds must be regarded as a fine testimonial to the conservative, progressive and truly patriotic administration of President Estrada Palma. The Cubans are doing well, much better, in fact, than should be to the liking of a certain class of hypocritical politicians in this country. They are giving evidence of political sanity and steadfastness that contrasts most pleasingly with the political instability so characteristic of some other Latin-American countries. The Cubans well know how to govern themselves. They are determined to give no outside government any jurisdiction to interfere with political affairs and independence.



### A Bad Move.

It is said that President Roosevelt has decided to make George B. Cortelyou, a member of his Cabinet, Chairman of the National Republican Committee. The President should be advised to change his mind in regard to this. It should be made clear to him that it would be highly improper for a Government official of such high rank to resign for the sole purpose of guiding a political campaign which is to bring about the re-election of his *de facto* master. Cortelyou, as Chairman of the National Committee, would represent the Government in obnoxiously palpable fashion. He would make the Government thoroughly partisan, rather than National. As he is a good and honest official, he should be allowed to remain where he is. Let the President reconsider.



### An Impractical Scheme.

THE United States Rubber Company is the second large industrial concern to institute a profit-sharing system for its workingmen. It is unlikely that the employees will be in much of a haste to avail themselves of the opportunity given them to become shareholders. Owing to the unpleasant experience made by their brethren employed by the United States Steel Corporation, the profit-sharing idea has lost most of the little popularity it appeared to enjoy some time ago. When the big Steel Trust advertised

its plan for the first time, the preferred shares sold well above 80; to-day, they are pressed for sale at 54, after selling down to about 49 some months ago. None of the workingmen who subscribed to the stock on the original terms offered has been profited thereby. If he still holds his investment, he is out a considerable amount of hard-earned money. This profit-sharing business is all humbug. To the theoretic mind it is quite alluring and feasible, but in practice it fails to work. The labor problem cannot be solved by schemes of this sort. A man cannot be owner and employe at the same time. Besides, he should not be exposed to the risk of losing his money by having it tied up in dubious speculative securities. As a prominent Eastern manufacturer expressed it the other day: "If you are giving your man a bonus, give him a bonus. Don't tie him up in a speculation or a life insurance scheme." This sizes up the whole thing in the right way. A workingman holding, say, twenty-five shares of a speculative stock that is constantly fluctuating, is apt to lose his savings as well as most of his usefulness. It would be a step backward rather than forward to convert the employe into a "sport" and gambler, to confirm the already too popular notion that the accumulation of wealth is merely a question of luck, and not of honest, constant, diligent endeavor and systematic frugality.



### Dangerous Feuds.

THAT is an ugly-looking split in the Republican party in Wisconsin. Governor La Follette is resolved to fight his opponents tooth and nail. He has been given to understand that President Roosevelt has aligned himself with the other or Spooner faction. If this is so, in fact, then the Wisconsin Republicans have a rocky road ahead of them; indeed, La Follette is a hard fighter, and popular to boot. He may be somewhat "off" in his pet views on reform, but seems

to be more than a match for his enemies. These factional differences and petty jealousies among Republicans in Wisconsin, and likewise in Illinois and New York, are apt to furnish considerable encouragement to the Democrats. It was a venomous fight of just this sort which defeated the Republicans in New York in 1884.



### A Stock Gambler's Canard.

THERE's a story afloat in Wall street that the Gould interests are willing and endeavoring to sell their railroad properties east of the Mississippi River to the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt people. This certainly must be a silly invention. Mr. George J. Gould and his friends, if one may be permitted to judge by their most recent movements and utterances, can have no intention to sell the Wabash and its connections and extensions to tide-water near Baltimore. It would be highly inconsistent for Mr. Gould to let go of his properties at this time, when he is about to realize his dearest ambitions in his chosen field of industrial endeavor. In the last eight years he has been restlessly, almost feverishly, at work extending his great Missouri Pacific and Wabash systems in almost every direction, East, West, South and Southwest. Many obstacles were put in his way, but he succeeded in surmounting one after the other. The Cassatt crowd desperately tried to keep him out of the transportation field which it has for so many years monopolized, but it had to give up at last. Not even the vicious onslaught on the Western Union could swerve Mr. Gould from his set purpose. It would seem, therefore, that the tale lately put forth in Wall street may safely be dismissed as a ludicrous fabrication. Mr. Gould's railroad plans must have undergone a most radical change if he is now willing to sell his immensely valuable Wabash system.

## Youth and Age

By Frances Power Cobbe

YOUTH has hope and faith. Old age has charity. In youth we love up. In age we love down. In youth admiration is the keynote of our affections,—whether it be for physical, mental, or moral beauty. In age pity and sympathy are the mainsprings of our tenderness. The judgments of youth are hard and hasty. The judgments of age are indulgent, hesitating. In youth affection moves the hands to caress and the lips to kiss. In age it only inspires the tongue to speak kind words. In youth we can hate our enemies. In age we either despise or dread them. Youth has anger. Age scarcely churns up anything stronger than annoyance. In youth our joys are sunshine. In age such joys as are left us are moonlight, reflected from the joys of those dear to us. In youth we pine to receive more love. In age we wish we had more love to give. Youth makes confidants and insists that those it loves should know all its faults and follies. Age has no such imprudent tendencies, and never justifies La Rochefoucauld's saying, *On aime mieux dire du mal de soi-même que de n'en point parler*. In youth the mind is agile. In age the mind is stiff like the body. It can still walk straight ahead; but it cannot jump or dance or twist about swiftly. In youth our animal spirits are raised by a variety of duties and pleasures in rapid succession. We pass from one to another joyously excited by the bustle

and stir of change. In age we are distressed by being hurried from one occupation of our thoughts or hands to another; and our spirits droop instead of rising under the sense of our ability to flit from business to business, or even from pleasure to pleasure. In youth our memory for what we see and hear depends on the vividness of the impression made upon us, and (as all impressions are then fresh and new) many things are vividly recorded. In age the recollections of youth remain sharply cut, and also those of later events (but they are few) in which our feelings have been interested as keenly as in youth. But the many things in which we did not take equal interest have not left much impress, and are forgotten. The moral life of youth is like mountain climbing. It is all ups and downs, over untried paths and slippery places. We make many false steps, and sometimes we slip back and fall prostrate and lie a while with our lips in dust. But again we rise and struggle onward and uphill, and as we gain the heights we have glimpses of heaven overhead. The moral life of age is all on a beaten road and in the ruts of habit. There is very little struggle and perhaps no conscious slips or falls, for custom alone and regard for the consistency of our characters are generally sufficient without any effort or merit to keep us walking straight along the flat familiar way. But we have no longer the intense experiences of divine help; we see no longer the vast



## The Mirror

horizons of heaven and earth beheld in the hours of vision from the mountain tops. The griefs of youth bring despair, for all life lies before us in which we shall suffer from them. The griefs of age bring desolation; but we know there is only a little time in which we shall feel them.

# The Redemption of a Great Decadent

By Francis A. House

GABRIELE d'Annunzio's latest work, "La Figlia di Jorio," evoked enthusiastic applause at its recent production in Milan. By most of the European critics it is considered to mark the beginning of the Latin decadent's *vita nuova*. From the meager accounts given in Italian papers it would seem that d'Annunzio is at last being inspired by cleaner, saner and nobler ideals, that the unwholesome pessimism and nauseating eroticism, which so flagrantly characterized his works heretofore, are about to be dissipated by that philosophy of life than which there's no other that can be expected to make for true, ennobling art and rational progress.

The literary world would take pleasure at this bit of interesting news from Italy. It should find therein reason to renew the hope that the genius of d'Annunzio may yet create works of literary art which shall completely redeem his name from the dubious fame that now clings round it. That the Italian is a marvelous master in the merely formal art of prose and poetry cannot be questioned. But, unfortunately, he has hitherto thought fit to prostitute his splendid talents to the production of literature that concerned itself chiefly with the hideous, the vicious, the pornographic.

It was shortly after the publication of Giosue Carducci's "Odi Barbare" that the then youthful d'Annunzio gave forth his first poetic effusions, which bore the dedicatory words: *Mihi, musis et paucis amicis*, and the title, "Primo vere." The aspiring poet at once professed himself a faithful follower of realism. That was in February, 1880. Critics promptly recognized that d'Annunzio possessed signal literary craftsmanship, that his versification was charmingly musical, as well as naturally rhythmical. At the same time, however, they could not but be displeased at the moral perversity of some of these first poems of the spring-time of his life. They took particular offence at the "ora satanica," with its incoherent ecstasy and tumultuous apotheosizing of natural, prestine passions.

In the winter of 1882 d'Annunzio joined the literary circle of Rome. He was then only eighteen years old. Scarfoglio, a well-known Italian writer, in whose society the young poet spent much of his time for months after his arrival in the capital, describes d'Annunzio, as he then appeared, in the following words: "He was a slender, small-sized youth, with curly hair, girlishly beautiful, innocent eyes, and a girlishly soft voice. He strangely impressed me the very first time I met him. Carducci was especially taken with the conversation, behavior and appearance of the singularly attractive youth."

This first stay in Rome was of pernicious influence upon the plastic mind and soul of d'Annunzio. It changed him into a cynical, thoroughly fleshly, rakish, *bon vivant*. All circles of Roman society were open to him. He was overwhelmed with fulsome flatteries and invitations. His hot-blooded Latin nature made him seek and succumb to temptations of all kinds. He was going through his period of moral storm and stress.

The metamorphosis his *Weltanschauung* had then

undergone was startlingly reflected in the works produced during that ill-spent, riotous time. Three years had gone by, when he morbidly, fearfully, began to complain: "I am no longer in the full possession of my physical and intellectual faculties. I am utterly worn out. . . . Wild passions have done their work." In a spiritedly written letter to a friend he confesses his shame—and his longing for a change of surroundings, for a better and a purer life. He has tasted of everything; he has emptied the chalice of fleshly joys to the very dregs. Nothing remains but bitter disgust, sorrow and disenchantment.

And sadly he writes:

"Con quanto affanno il giovincello arranca  
Dietro l'amore, dietro la fortuna:  
Oh cessate! La musica mi stanca.  
Ho disgusto del sogno come d'una  
Bevanda troppo facile."

He was about twenty-two years old when he published his scandalous poems bearing the title "Intermezzo di Rime." Critics and friends were alike shocked. The book was utterly, almost ineffably obscene. It breathed the spirit of loathsome vices. Yet the demand for it was enormous. Everybody wanted to read it, the ordinary public because it was erotic, the literary connoisseurs—because it was written with supreme elegance and impetuous *elan*.

Darker and sadder became d'Annunzio's spirit in the years that immediately followed. Pessimism and disillusionment almost overpower him. His mind is filled with uncanny pictures of evil, crime, disease, death. And so he begins to write his dramas "Il Piacere," "L'Innocente," "Trionfo della Morte." In these and some others he gives startling, revolting descriptions of social life in Rome. Pitilessly he dissects the moral failings of the world of elegance and fashion. He gloats over festering corruption; callously he sounds the utmost depths of human sin and degradation. In these writings we are constantly being reminded of the sardonic Maupassant, the fiercely fanatic Tolstoi, the sadly satirizing Dostojévski.

Then follow his "Il Fanciullo." This also scandalized his friends, though it delighted and tickled the literary *canaille*. It was generally regarded as a psychologic autobiography, full of indelicate revelations bearing upon the deep, heedless infatuation which a famous Italian actress had for several years been manifesting for the author.

The next production, "Francesca da Rimini," made a better impression, though it does not seem to have received the highest encomium from eminent *litterateurs*. It has been more favorably received in France, Germany and England than in the author's home land.

As above intimated, the redemption of the gifted Italian has begun. He has finally found the only path that leads to true artistic greatness. Let's hope that he will not relapse into his former abnormal worshiping of the grotesque and arabesque, the unhealthy and loathsome. The world of literature is growing a-weary of exploits in the horrors of vice-dissection, of moral pathologies, of pseudo-art depicting the world as a hell and a charnel-house. It's ripe for a renaissance; it longs for *das Gute, Reine, Schoene*. Let's have no more of this ghastly sort of realism, which persistently sees only the dévilish and studiously ignores the divine in the heart of man.

# How to Live Without Servants

By Frances Cooke

FOR the rich and the well-to-do there is a short and commendable exit from the ever-increasing mass of trouble that attends the keeping of servants. This plan of escape (which has been resorted to by some progressive housekeepers), if once established among the wealthy classes, would in a short time, I think, completely change the status of domestic service, and by degrees wipe out a vexing and shameful reproach to our civilization.

If we visit a manual-training school and observe the work that is going on there in the department of household economics, we do not come away with the impression that the young girls who are learning to cook, clean, wash and iron, are engaged in menial occupations. And as for their teachers, there is not a higher profession in the land than the training of young women to care intelligently for the house and for the material welfare of the family. Is there any good reason why the best products of the manual-training school, bringing with them an air of efficiency and refinement, should not be transferred intact to the private house?

In order to begin the experiment, at least two conditions are necessary: First, the family wishing to

be served must be able to pay the workers a good salary—as much, for example, as they would pay to a private teacher or to a trained nurse. Second, they must have that touch of fine nobility which makes it pleasanter to deal with equals than with inferiors. Wherever these two conditions exist—for there is a great mass of young women refined, capable, well educated, who desire to be self-supporting—all the materials for a new experiment are at hand.

The thought of paying for any commodity four or five times the price that we have been accustomed to pay for it, is nearly always startling and may be intensely disagreeable. But surely the sense of justice need not be abnormally developed in order to cause us shame when we reflect that we are absorbing practically the whole life of another person for the wretched sum of four or five dollars a week in return; and this while we own yachts, carriages, diamonds, eat and drink too much every day, and travel abroad when we had better remain at home. Does it argue so fine a moral sense to refuse to avail one's self of the unhappy social conditions that offer us men and women framed as we are, to be used as our private beasts of burden? A little thought, a little appeal to our pride and honesty—to say nothing of put-

ting ourselves in the other's place—will make the proposal to pay a decent salary to those who stand between us and so much daily hardship appear a very natural and just proposal. But the case must not be shifted on to the ground of *noblesse oblige*; it is an economic question, and must be dealt with like other instances of demand and supply.

The way is clear then for those who can and would pay to their houseworkers a salary equal to that demanded by a tutor, or a music master, and who, in addition, would be glad to part with servility, ignorance and irresponsibility. They have only to enter into communication with the teachers of household economics in any way of our schools or universities. Young women who now think only of teaching or of going into some sort of business, would so gladly escape from the monotonous drudgery of the school room and the counter into the private house with all its varied demands on intelligence, taste and individuality, its unlimited scope for the play of personal quality, its natural conditions for a normal and healthy life. This is the opening that thousands of young women are longing for, provided their work be lifted entirely out of the plane of menial service.

At this moment I have in mind the home of a rich manufacturer in one of the large cities of New England. His wife was the daughter of a Southern planter. A few years ago she learned, by chance, that the granddaughters of two old friends of her father were studying domestic science in a school in her neighborhood; she made their acquaintance, she was attracted toward them, and finding that they were entirely dependent upon themselves, she offered to give her entire house into their charge. The best understanding existed between them; they were equals. The older woman was harrassed by rude, ungrateful servants; the two younger ones sought to earn their bread in surroundings that would be congenial to them. The arrangement was a blessing to them all.

When the servants had gone away, the whole family felt aware that a strange and irreconcilable something had passed out of it. The two young women, occasionally assisted by the daughters and sons of the family, do all of the work of the house, and do it as it never was done before. Their dinners are celebrated, not for extravagance nor display, but for the qualities that are essential to good dinners. The house is altogether charming. It is much frequented by scholars and artists, by intelligent men and women of the world. Nowhere is there an air of vulgar pretentiousness and of crude formality—for formality is the mask of crudeness, whether it reigns in the ancestral palace or in the gaudy halls of the parvenu. In this house, there remains not a vestige of the crude age—no liveries, no automata standing behind the chairs, no recognition anywhere that it is lawful to degrade one's fellow man. Here exists in all its beauty and fulness the poetry of domestic relations; and no one can remain long in the house without feeling its charm;—many realize how fearful a waste is going on in the ranks of cultivated, thinking people. Why do we not utilize the energy, the talent, the cheerfulness of our proud and educated young women by opening our doors to them on an equal footing? The conditions obtaining in this one house might be multiplied how many thousand times?

Of course, as things are at present, this step can only be taken by the well-to-do. In the vast majority of families, the old condition must remain. But the change would come by imperceptible degrees. A few years ago, an artist, depending on a rude and arrogant patron, had scarcely so good a foothold in the social world as a servant has to-day. The noble race of artists, more than any other, has suffered from the

caprice and selfishness of the dominant classes. And who has freed them from the hateful yoke of kings and nobles? the people have freed them—the rich, the educated, the generous, the true lovers of art. Is not this the element in society that is everywhere at work abolishing human slavery in all its forms? The fact that a great artist is everywhere honored, that he is master of his fate, that he is economically free and descends to the humblest artist and dignifies his life and calling. The piano teacher who receives five dollars for a lesson does not on that

account claim a different social rank from the one who receives but a small fraction of that sum. So it would work, in time, in the domain of household service could we but wipe from it the stigma of slavery. There is power in wealth, there is power in intelligence, combined, what might they not accomplish? They can, if they will, make it an honor for the young woman to go out to service. They have only to recognize and to maintain substantially that the family is as worthy of noble service as the state and the school.

## A Fortune in a Cab

Translated by Beatrice Hastings

WITH the intention of visiting a friend in the Place Saint Michel, Alfred Cliquet, the valet of Count de Gerososse, stepped into a cab at the corner of the rue de Chateaudun. Scarcely had he seated himself when he noticed, lying on the cushion beside him, a carefully tied roll of paper. Opening it, he found to his great surprise, a bundle of one-thousand franc notes. Hastily stowing them in the inside pocket of his waistcoat, and buttoning his coat tightly across his chest, he called to the cabman to stop, and with some trivial excuse dismissed the cab and walked directly home.

There, in the privacy of his room, he counted the bank-notes, and found that there were a hundred and fifty of them. A hundred and fifty thousand francs! What a fortune! And no address, not a scrap of paper that gave the slightest clue to the owner.

"Finding is not stealing," mused Alfred. "I have as much right to enjoy this money as the man who forgetfully left it behind him."

The next day he gave the Count "notice" and the following morning he installed himself in a swell apartment in the rue de Maubeuge.

"It would be rank ingratitude on my part," soliloquized the newly-made gentleman of leisure, "to ignore this amiable attention of Fortune which no doubt needs only a little encouragement to bestow still greater favors."

So with this view in mind, Cliquet visited a broker's office where he purchased for fifty thousand francs two hundred shares of "Blagfontein," a South African gold mine, the stock of which he was assured was certain to rise. Swelling with pride, he left the office, and sauntered leisurely homeward. Before he had walked half a dozen blocks his attention was attracted by a number of conspicuously posted yellow placards.

Cliquet turned deathly pale as he read one of them:

"Left in a cab, rue de Chateaudun, a small bundle containing one hundred and fifty thousand francs in bank-notes. The finder will receive ten thousand francs reward, by returning the same to rue — numero —."

"Too late," thought Cliquet, as he nervously turned away, "but if Blagfontein realizes I will indemnify this extremely careless person."

As a man of fashion, Alfred Cliquet sent an order to an employment office for a valet. The next morning a young man presented himself for the position. Assuming the grand air of his former master,

Count de Gerososse, Cliquet languidly asked the fellow is he had ever been in service before.

"No, sir; but having resigned my old position, I am ready and willing to learn."

"What is your name?"

"Edgar Boffignon."

"And what position did you resign?"

"I was third clerk in a lawyer's office, sir. I resigned because I had inherited a legacy of one hundred and fifty thousand francs. On leaving the notary's office, where I had received the money, I stepped into a cab with the intention of depositing it with the Credit Foncier. Upon reaching rue Chateaudun, I was startled by loud cries. Looking out of the cab window, I saw that an electric tramway had crashed into a carriage, killing the horse and throwing the occupants, a lady and a little girl. I sprang to their assistance and saved them from immediate death. When I returned the cab had disappeared and my fortune with it."

As Cliquet listened, his face turned very white and he was obliged to make heroic efforts in order to conceal his emotions. But, after all, what could he do? He had invested a great deal of the capital, and a confession would have ruined him. After a moment's pause, he asked:

"Are you alone in the world, Mr. Boffignon?"

"No, sir; I have a widowed mother and a sister of nineteen, who reside in a village near Blois. They are in poor circumstances. To support herself, my mother has to work out by the day."

"May I ask what you intended to do with your fortune?"

"I intended to purchase a farm, sir, near our old home. In fancy, I had pictured my mother and sister engaged in rural occupations; mother churning butter, sister feeding the chickens and ducks in the poultry-yard. In imagination I saw our cows grazing in the meadow near the banks of the Loire; on the brow of the hill a shepherd-boy guarding our flocks. But the dream has vanished. It can never be realized."

Cliquet turned aside to brush away a tear.

"Edgar," said he, "consider yourself engaged. I will give you fifty francs a month, with twelve francs extra for wine."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the ringing of the door-bell.

"It is the breakfast, which I ordered from the cook-shop around the corner," said Cliquet. "Set the table, Boffignon, you will find the napkins in this drawer, and the plates, etc., in the buffet."

He then opened the door and admitted a boy, who



carried a basket from which he took three covered dishes. Turning toward the table he watched for a moment his new valet at work.

"Ah, that isn't the way to set a table," said Cliquet, good-naturedly, "just watch me."

In the twinkling of an eye he spread the cloth and laid the table.

"Come, now," he said gaily, "be seated. We mustn't allow the roast to cool."

"What, sir! You really wish me to—?"

"To be sure," responded Cliquet, "there can be no objection to my breakfasting with a lawyer's clerk."

So Boffignon sat down and the two breakfasted together.

"By the way," said Cliquet, after they had finished their coffee, "I want you to shake and brush my clothes. You must do this work in the ante-chamber, being careful to open the windows that the dust may escape. Come, I will show you how to go about it."

They entered the ante-chamber, where Cliquet shook and brushed, not only his own clothes, but those of his valet.

"To-morrow morning," said he, "we will cook breakfast at home."

"I cannot promise to succeed, monsieur," responded Boffignon.

"Oh, it's easy enough. I will show you. Just watch me, and you will soon cook as well as I do."

In a short while the two young men were on intimate terms. Edgar Boffignon had received a good education, which his master entirely lacked. Still, Cliquet had acquired a sort of intellectual veneer from romantic reading. He had also obtained a smattering of French history, thanks to "Jeunesse du Roi Henri" and "The Mousquetaires," by Alexander Dumas, while his notions on the French Revolution had been acquired through the reading of "Ange Pitou" and "The Chevalier de Maison Rouge." Indeed, he would have been quite able to have sustained a conversation with the aristocrats of the Faubourg-Saint-Germain. In reality, Cliquet was the servant of his valet, for he cooked the meals, waxed the shoes, and polished floors of the apartment. Whenever Boffignon met any of his old friends he would say, with praiseworthy sincerity: "I have found a most excellent master." Yet Cliquet, in spite of his attentions and kindness toward his valet, was a prey to the deepest remorse, and whenever Edgar would say, in a restaurant, after having been treated, "Thank you, sir," Cliquet would hear an inner voice crying:

"But it is he who pays, and it is you, you scoundrel, who should say thank you."

One morning, after vainly seeking to still the voice of conscience by various distractions, Cliquet finally proposed to Edgar a visit to the little cottage near Blois. The proposition was gladly accepted, and they started off the next morning. Madame Boffignon gave her son a royal welcome and Madeline kissed her brother on both cheeks.

"Mother," said Edgar, "allow me to present Mr. Alfred Cliquet, my—my employer."

A few minutes later they sat down to a merry breakfast. Under the influence of the sparkling wine of Blois, Cliquet made no attempt to conceal his admiration for the beautiful girl seated beside him. Madeline was a typical village girl of Touraine, with the fresh, brilliant coloring of a wild-flower. Her eyes were soft and brown, her hair dark and glossy; when she smiled she disclosed a row of even white teeth. She enchanted the susceptible Cliquet, and before breakfast was over he had fallen madly in love with her. That night he tossed uneasily in his bed. Sleep was impossible.

"Monster," he said to himself, "this is the worthy family whom you have robbed."

But how could he make restitution? He had already expended twelve thousand francs, besides the fifty thousand invested in the Blagfontein gold mine. Of course he could still return half of the stolen money, anonymously by mail, the usual method adopted by remorseful consciences. This he resolved to do as soon as he returned to Paris. Ah! if he could only win the heart of the pretty Madeleine, everything might be satisfactorily arranged, for he could then regard the balance of the money remaining in his hands as an equivalent for his wife's dower.

The next morning he arose with the sun, made his bed, and swept his room and, then while the fit of work was on him, he descended to the kitchen where he began to wash the tiled floor.

"Why, what are you doing, Monsieur Cliquet?" queried Madame Boffignon, as she entered the kitchen unexpectedly.

"Ah! I like to be occupied," replied Cliquet, with great simplicity, whereupon he left the room and went upstairs where he began to brush Edgar's clothes.

After a week of country life, Cliquet and his valet returned to Paris. The day after their arrival Boffignon received a package by mail containing eighty bank-

notes, each of them for one thousand francs, with these words:

"Expect to send the balance in a few days."

Wild with delight, he ran to show them to Cliquet.

"Your good fortune," said the latter, "makes me both joyful and sad."

"Sad?" queried Boffignon, "and why?"

"Because you are now richer than I, and I am deeply in love with your sister."

"Well, what of it," said Edgar, "If Madeleine loves you? The Boffignons did not spring from the thigh of Jupiter. My father was a brigadier of gendarmes, and when he retired he was appointed receiver of taxes in our little village. We are not aristocrats. As for you, I suppose that you are worth something?"

"Let me see," said Cliquet.

He picked up a news paper and turning to the report of the Bourse, he read aloud:

"South African shares: Blagfontein, 1,120 francs and 25 centimes.' Yes, Edgar, I am worth a little something—in fact, my dear fellow you may consider me classed among the infamous capitalists. I will go to the Bourse at once. My Blagfonteins shall be sold this very day, and then we will return to the pretty cottage at Blois, for I long to be with Madeleine."

And, thus, in the most unexpected way, the dream of Edgar Boffignon was realized.—*Town Talk.*

## A Poem in Prose

### The House of Judgment

By Oscar Wilde

AND there was silence in the House of Judgment, and the Man came naked before God.

And God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Thy life hath been evil, and thou hast shown cruelty to those who were in need of succor, and to those who lacked help thou hast been bitter and hard of heart. The poor called to thee and thou did'st not hearken, and thine ears were closed to the cry of My afflicted. The inheritance of the fatherless thou did'st take unto thyself, and thou did'st send the foxes into the vineyard of thy neighbor's field. Thou did'st take the bread of the children and give it to the dogs to eat, and My lepers who lived in the marshes, and were at peace and praised Me, thou did'st drive forth on to the highways, and on Mine earth out of which I made thee thou did'st spill innocent blood."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I."

And again God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Thy life hath been evil, and the Beauty I have shown thou hast sought for, and the Good I have hidden thou did'st pass by. The walls of thy chamber were painted with images, and from the bed of thine abominations thou did'st rise up to the sound of flutes. Thou did'st build seven altars to the sins I have suffered, and did'st eat of the thing that may not be eaten, and the purple of thy raiment was brodered with the three signs of shame. Thine idols were neither of gold nor of silver that endure, but of flesh that dieth. Thou did'st stain their hair with perfumes and put pomegranates in their hands. Thou did'st stain their feet with saffron and spread carpets before them. With antimony thou did'st stain their eyelids and their bodies thou did'st smear with myrrh. Thou did'st bow thyself to the ground before them, and the thrones of

thine idols were set in the sun. Thou did'st show to the sun thy shame and to the moon thy madness."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I."

And a third time God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Evil hath been thy life, and with evil did'st thou requite good, and with wrongdoing kindness. The hands that fed thee thou did'st wound, and the breasts that gave thee suck thou did'st despise. He who came to thee with water went away thirsting, and the outlawed men who hid thee in their tents at night thou did'st betray before dawn. Thine enemy who spared thee thou did'st snare in an ambush, and the friend who walked with thee thou did'st sell for a price, and to those who brought thee Love thou did'st ever give Lust in thy turn."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I."

And God closed the Book of the Life of the Man, and said, "Surely I will send thee into Hell. Even into Hell will I send thee."

And the Man cried out, "Thou canst not."

And God said to the Man, "wherefore can I not send thee to Hell, and for what reason?"

"Because in Hell have I always lived," answered the Man.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

And after a space God spake, and said to the Man, "Seeing that I may not send thee into Hell, surely I will send thee unto Heaven. Even unto Heaven will I send thee."

And the Man cried out, "Thou canst not."

And God said to the Man, "Wherefore can I not send thee unto Heaven, and for what reason?"

"Because never, and in no place, have I been able to imagine it," answered the Man.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

## Women as Property

### A Rationalistic Estimate of Chivalry

SOUTHERN juries that acquit murderers on the ground that a gentleman should not be punished for vindicating his "honor," says an editorial in the *New York Independent*, are not the only bulwarks of barbarian ethics in this country. It appears that we have juries of like mind in the Empire State.

In a town on the Hudson River, the seat of a famous college for women, lived a man who suspected his wife of conduct not to his liking. He obtained a letter that she had written to her lover, appointing a meeting at a hotel. After reading, he sealed and posted it. At the appointed time, he appeared at the hotel, and, surprising his wife with her admirer, he deliberately shot the man dead. Indicted for murder he was tried before a jury of twelve married men. The facts were proven, and the jury has pronounced him "Not Guilty."

We have no doubt that thousands of men, yes, hundreds of thousands, in this State and throughout the United States, approve this verdict, even exult in it. They feel intensely upon the subject of what they are pleased to call any "invasion" of a husband's "rights," and have no hesitation in declaring that in vindication of their own masculine honor they would themselves commit homicide.

To all such men, and to all others that in some degree sympathize with them, we have a serious word to say. Your view of these matters, gentlemen, you sincerely regard as enlightened and high-minded. It is, in fact, a survival of barbarism, and if the world ever becomes really enlightened it will be condemned unequivocally.

This proposition we maintain on two grounds.

The first, of course, is that civilization cannot tolerate private vengeance, however great its provocation. The substitution of the feud or vendetta, systematically conducted by clansmen, for individual revenge, marks the first advance of mankind from the lowest savagery toward the higher social order of barbarism. The substitution of an orderly legal procedure for the vendetta marks the further advance from barbarism to civilization. Every lapse from this procedure is a retrogression. It is treason to the rational conscience, and a surrender to pithecanthropomorphic passion.

No thoughtful American can follow the daily news without sorrowfully admitting that we are becoming indifferent to these lapses from civilized conduct, and that, even now, they are a menace to our whole social order. To condone private vengeance is to lend aid and comfort to the illegally disposed of every social rank, from the striker who throws bricks to the millionaire who betrays a trust. It is to encourage every form of violence, from the mobbing of a scab to the burning alive of an unconvicted felon.

The second ground on which we defend our proposition is one that probably is not so generally conceded by the general consent of men that think straight on most subjects, but it will not be disputed by many who have attained to enlightened views of the relations of man and woman. The verdict of the Poughkeepsie jury declares by implication that a wife is a kind of property, morally if not legally, a chattel,

whose husband owns her in a conventionally moral sense, very much as in a legal sense he might own a cow.

We assume that readers of *The Independent* are intelligent enough to discriminate between any apology for scandalous behavior, which we do not make, and an assertion which we do, make, that in a civilized community a husband has no moral right to interfere with his wife's conduct by other means than advice and persuasion until she commits a breach of the peace; and no moral right then to interfere by other means than an outsider might lawfully employ. The laws of civilized States afford relief and redress to a husband whose wife has broken her marriage contract. Failure to fulfill the marriage contract does not give to the injured party a right to retaliate by fraud, deceit or violence, any more than failure by a vendor to deliver promised goods gives to the vendee a right to break and enter the premises of the delinquent.

The real moral question involved can be answered by any honest and clear thinking man by means of a simple test. Turn the case around, and suppose the

husband to be the offender and the wife the injured party. Under these circumstances a jury would act rightly in acquitting a wife charged with murder, if it were convinced that her reason had been destroyed by emotional excitement. Would any jury knowing a good deal about the habits of men justify an offended wife in deliberately "vindicating" with gunpowder her right of property in her husband's affections? Reduced to this form the question becomes sardonic.

In a civilized community the relations of man and wife must be those of mutual love and confidence. The notion that husband or wife in any sense "owns" the other, must be given up, along with other notions that have come down to us from the ages of barbarism. When love and confidence cease to exist, moral decency and the law of the land demand that the disagreeing parties shall conduct themselves toward each other as they would conduct themselves toward other persons. When an aggrieved husband, instead of honorably telling his wife that he has discovered her altered state of mind, and agreeing with her what their relations thenceforward shall be, takes the case into his own hands, without her knowledge, to deal with in any arbitrary fashion, legally or illegally, he shows that in his secret heart he regards a wife not as a morally responsible personality—a human equal—but as a possession.

There will be fewer dissatisfied and delinquent wives when there are fewer husbands who regard wives in a barbarian way.

## The Glasses of Truth

By Maurice Magre

IT is related that once upon a time, in Paris, there lived a truly happy man. One would naturally suppose that he, too, must have been without a shirt to his back; on the contrary, he owned many—some of silk, some of flannel, and some embroidered. He was happy because he possessed riches; because he was surrounded by many friends; because he had an adoring wife whom he loved; and last, but not least, because he was able to devote his life to art. In truth, he was a sculptor of no mean talent; but, being wealthy, he often received more praise than his work deserved.

Most of his time was spent in his sunny studio, where friends were always welcomed, and the wine cup passed around freely. In exchange for this hospitality, his followers willingly showered on him the fulsome praise which made him so happy. He had been nicknamed by them "Prince Fortunate," and often did he proudly say to his comrade Albert, who was homely, poor, and fretful: "I am indeed the most happy of mortals."

One day this favorite of fortune was working alone in his studio. He was giving the finishing touches to a study depicting a Nymph and a Satyr. So well pleased was he with the grace of the former and the manly beauty of the latter, that he stood in admiration before his work, muttering to himself: "This certainly will be my masterpiece."

In the midst of his reveries, a servant ushered in a smartly dressed gentleman carrying a small bundle under his arm. The visitor looked keenly at the artist at work with his mallet and chisel. Raising his forefinger to heaven to command attention, he smiled pleasantly, and remarked: "Sir, I am selling

glasses. I have some of all colors for all eyes. Can't I sell you a pair?"

Prince Fortunate assured the stranger that he needed none, but the peddler of glasses persisted: "I have some that are blue, some yellow, and others pink and green. The pink ones are for those afflicted with melancholy, for they make one see the rosy side of life; the blue glasses are for the poets; the yellow are intended for unhappy husbands—through them all wives are models of truth and fidelity. There are some green ones which hold continually before the wearer the mirage of hope." As he spoke, the peddler spread before the sculptor the vari-colored glasses.

"It's no use," interrupted Prince Fortunate, "I don't want your glasses; they are a delusion. Life is beautiful, and I am content to see it as it really is."

Again the peddler smiled, and, shaking his head, searched the bottom of his bundle. "I'm convinced that you are a superior man," said he. "You want the glasses of truth. Very well, here they are. Their color is gray and dull, in keeping with what they unerringly reflect."

"Good," said the sculptor, undismayed, "I'll take them. What are they worth?"

"The others all bring fancy prices. I'll let you have these gray ones cheap—for a cent."

Prince Fortunate handed him the coin, and took the sombre-looking glasses in exchange. Whereupon the peddler departed.

"To learn the truth for one cent," laughed the sculptor, merrily, "is certainly cheap." And turning over his purchase disdainfully, he added: "That fellow needn't think he has fooled me."



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However, in a spirit of fun, he put the glasses to his eyes just as his friend Albert entered the room. The latter was his old and faithful companion; they had passed through all the grades of the public schools together; they had entered and graduated from college in company; they had shared the same pleasures and trials of youth; and, when Prince Fortunate finally married, Albert had officiated as best man.

"I am happy to see you," said Albert, extending his hand in greeting. "Life would indeed be unbearable for a bachelor like me if I were not sure of always being welcomed here. In fact, I'm afraid my affection for you is the best trait I have."

The sculptor, unable to speak, gazed at his friend in amazement, for Albert's eyes were like thin glasses through which his thoughts could be seen like pictures in a book. Instead of feeling the sincere affection which he protested, the horrified sculptor read his true thoughts which, put in words, were: "Companion of my youth, I loathe you for all the good deeds you have done. You are a perfect type of manly beauty while I am a monster of ugliness; you are rich, I am poor; you are blessed with health, I am a wreck; you love me, while I hate you—yes, I hate you for your kindness and the humiliation I have suffered. Despite my hatred, however, I am forced to play the hypocrite. I must be especially amiable this day above all, because I intend to borrow a thousand francs from you."

But the revelation did not end here. Prince Fortunate, with the aid of the glasses of truth, further learned that from the time they had played marbles together, Albert had envied and hated him. He felt himself growing dizzy—it was like a beautiful edifice crumbling away, leaving his soul aghast.

"Go away, false friend," shrieked he at last, "you have permitted a spirit of mean jealousy to destroy a noble friendship." And without more ado, he thrust his comrade out of the studio, and when Albert looked back beseechingly, he slammed the door in his face.

Later in the evening, when the dusky shades of night were silently stealing into the studio, Prince Fortunate, lost in dreams, was joined by his beautiful wife. She kissed him tenderly, sat by his side, and, as usual, talked of the numerous nothings that filled her days. She had been to a bargain sale at the Louvre; it had rained a little at about three o'clock; it was said that the new drama at the Gymnase was very interesting. And then, in a careless manner, she ven-

tured: "Oh, by the way, I met the captain. He will dine with us this evening." Pretending to be bored, she added: "Annoying, isn't it, dear? I can't abide the fop, he's so conceited."

A servant softly entered and lighted the lamps. Prince Fortunate who, in the darkness of his studio, has almost forgotten his magic glasses, raised his head and met his wife's eyes which seemed, at that moment, to be contemplating a charming souvenir.

This is what was really disclosed to him: In an elegantly furnished apartment in one of the leading hotels of the city, he observed two lovers wrapped in each other's arms. Prince Fortunate smothered a cry of pain, for, in the picture, he recognized his wife and the captain.

At first he was loath to believe the awful revelation. "These glasses lie," he thought. "This cannot be possible." Then he looked fixedly at his wife, whose glance fell under his gaze. Her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy, she was ill at ease, nervous, and when she hastily left the room, he was convinced that the glasses had told the truth; that her thoughts were not with him, but with the captain, whom he had believed to be an admirer of his work instead of his wife.

The sculptor was overwhelmed. Bowing his head he exclaimed: "Oh! Truth, thou hast taken from me all that made my life complete and happy!"

Mechanically he turned toward his unfinished work, the Nymph and the Satyr. "Here lies my only consolation," he murmured, gratefully. "Nothing can rob me of the joy of being an artist, of being able to create the beautiful."

But upon approaching his work, he was surprised to hear the statues conversing.

"Why am I so homely?" moaned the Nymph. "I who should be beautiful and sylph-like. Look at my distorted form and the imperfection of my lines."

"Yes, it is sad to be chiseled by an ignorant and unskilled artist," sympathized the Satyr. "Would that I had been born in the great Rodin's studio, instead of being brought to light by this miserable amateur."

At last the sculptor's spirit was broken. "How great was my folly to put these glasses on my eyes!" he cried. "I will shatter them in a thousand pieces."

Vainly he tried to remove them; they were fast to his eyes. Then he realized that forever and ever he was destined to see life in its true aspect; that one may rid himself of Falsehood, but not of Truth, for she is pitiless and will ever cling.

After that day, so the story goes, the sculptor no longer considered himself Fortune's favorite. On the contrary, he was the most unhappy of mortals, with but a single ray of hope left him—the return of the strange peddler with his varied assortment of yellow, green, blue and pink glasses, for any of which he was now willing to exchange the gray and sombre ones that reflected only the painful truth.—Adapted from the French by Jeannette Brule.

## The Photograph

By Olive Constance

O BEAUTY what is this?  
A shadow of your face . . .  
Where is the wild-flower grace  
That Love is wont to kiss?

Where is the bird that brings  
To your untroubled eyes  
The blue of fairy skies,  
The flash of fairy wings?

O wild bird of delight  
That no white hand may hold  
Or fairest cage of gold. . . .  
For who would stay its flight.

The song-bird of your voice?  
Whose magic song Love hears  
Trembling behind your tears,  
Thrilling when you rejoice. . . .

(Weave nets to snare the dawn  
So delicately shy . . .  
You catch a butterfly  
With all its colors gone!)

O Beauty what is this?  
The shadow of a rose . . .  
A little ghost that goes  
Oblivious of Love's kiss.

Only a shadow . . . yet  
It may, in some dark hour  
Recall the living flower . . .  
If haply Love forget.

## MUSIC

## CONRATH'S STUDENTS' RECITAL.

The regular monthly recital given by student's of Conrath's Conservatory of Music, at the Conservatory Hall, 3400-3402 Lindell avenue, last Tuesday evening, was attended by the usual large and select audience who warmly applauded the efforts of the various participants in the programme. The programme follows: Piano—Duet, "Caprice," Schleiffarth, Miss Frances Le Roi and Mr. Wm. Elbrecht; "Polish Dance," Scharwenka, Miss Laura Trebus; "Miserere," from "Trovatore," Verdi, Miss Elsie Cramer; Vocal—"Because I Love You," Hawley, Miss Anna Schnaus; Piano—"Papillons," Asmuth, Miss Eva Brendell; "La Rose," Huenten, Miss Lydia Kaltwasser; "Tannhäuser Fantasie," Wagner, Mrs. L. Schell; Violin—"Carnival de Venice," Dancla, Miss Anastasia Garrett; Piano—"Heather Bells," Lange, Miss Fannie Corson; "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens, Miss Mamie Langforte; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber, Miss Bessie Brey; Vocal—"For all Eternity," Mascheroni, Miss Inez L. Felch; Piano—"Polonaise," Conrath, Mr. Wm. Kaltwasser; "Palko de la Reine," Raff, Mr. Wm. Elbrecht; "Tannhäuser March," Wagner-Liszt, Miss Jessie Strifler.

## THE DELMAR LOUISIANA.

St. Louis had a real and highly successful "first night" on Sunday, the occasion being the presentation, at Delmar Garden, of an entirely new and original musical piece entitled "Louisiana," designated in the program book as "a spectacular, historical extravaganza." It is a home product pure and simple, and while "made in St. Louis" has up to this time meant nothing, theatrically, more "shows" of the Delmar "Louisiana" brand would soon make it a phrase to conjure with. The piece made an emphatic "hit" from the start, and the applause that greeted every picture and followed nearly all the musical numbers was spontaneous and had a vigorous ring that stamped it as genuine.

In a piece designed to become a successor to the only attraction that proved a magnet to World's Fair visitors at Chicago, one naturally looks for lucubratory effort in story, dialogue and situations—to say nothing of the music—but Mr. Hiram W. Hayes, who wrote the book and lyrics, evidently had very definite ideas as to the most feasible way of adapting the story of the purchase of Louisiana to spectacular, humorous and musical purposes, and he has exploited them with much enthusiasm in this libretto. His humor sometimes lacks qualities necessary to carry it across the footlights, an excess of localism is apparent in jokes and satirical allusions, and here and there the lyrics are stiff, but these faults notwithstanding, Mr. Hayes has written the most coherent, interesting and practicable book that has been put before the public in recent years as foundation for a musical show. His story runs along smoothly and entertainingly, and he has given practically unlim-

ited scope for spectacular scenic, sartorial and saltatorial effects. His lyrics, generally, are clever, and suggest bounding rhythms and "catchy" melodies and made comparatively easy the task of the Messrs. John William Hall, Anton Heindl and A. Baldwin Sloan, makers of the score.

"Louisiana" opens with a chorus cleverly adapted from a popular composition by Rubinstein; this is followed by the entrance music of the Aborigines, and an Indian ballet fairly characteristic in theme and treatment, after which is introduced a rather melancholy effort for "Medicine Men," all by Mr. Hall, who is further responsible for an imitative, but tuneful, ditty, anent a "Sweet Dakotah Maid," for baritone solo and chorus, and a spirited chorus for male voices. Mr. Heindl then gets his innings in the music that brings on the principal characters, and in a bright, attractive and most melodious solo with ensemble refrain, entitled, "I, We, Us & Co.," by all odds the most striking and pleasing number in the first act, which is brought to a close with a spirited ensemble by Mr. Hall.

The taking numbers in act second include a "Gondolier's Song," for double male quartet, a solo entitled, "The Magic That Lies in a Kiss," a minuet, a "Flower Ballet" and an imposing finale. There is no let-down in the third act and "My Louisiana" will probably prove to be one of the most popular numbers in the score.

The production is most elaborate and gorgeously beautiful. Delmar's stage has been enlarged to accommodate the scenery, and the canal foreground on which Indians and gondoliers make entrances and exits, is a unique and attractive feature. The scenes presented are the "wilderness of Louisiana," the Garden at Versailles, "Exterior of Napoleon's Summer Palace," "The Throne Room," and "The Plaza and Cascades of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition." The costumes are rich and colorful, and a veritable triumph for Mr. Andrew Fueger, who designed and executed them.

The company engaged to interpret the new work is admirable. Maude Lambert, opulent of beauty and voice, is the prima donna. Her queenly figure and handsome face are peculiarly suited to the role of *Miss Columbia*, and she sings the music of the part superbly. Miss Lambert's voice now is a pure dramatic soprano, rich in quality and phenomenally powerful. This splendid singer has made wonderful strides in her art since her debut with the Castle Square Opera Company five years ago, and her magnificent vocal and histrionic quipment assure a brilliant future.

William G. Stewart, another Castle Square favorite, and the most polished singer in that organization, is the *Davy Crockett* of the Delmar's "Louisiana." Grace Walser's pure, brilliant voice is heard in the music given to *Louisiana*.

Will H. Sloan is the principal comedian, and other clever people in the cast include Miss Frances Merton as *Miss Dixie*, Miss Zelma Rawlston, Miss Matilda Preville, Charles Morgan and

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Franklin Hill, while a horde of choristers and dancers add life and color to the picture.

The first performance was wonderfully smooth considering the magnitude of the production. There were no long waits between acts and the evolutions of the chorus gave every evidence of thorough rehearsals. The ballet of the nations in the third act is ingenious in conception and exceedingly clever in execution. Altogether, "Louisiana" as presented at the Delmar Garden is not the inchoate mass of specialties and spangles so often pitchforked on the stage under the name of "musical comedy" or "spectacle," and in the Hayes-Hall-Heindl work Manager Jannopoulos has a production that would do credit to any New York theater.

## WORLD'S FAIR MUSIC.

The first symphony concert takes place at Festival Hall Friday afternoon at four o'clock, with Mr. Ernst conducting. Van der Stucken's "Louisiana March," the official World's Fair march, will be played, and it is the intention of the Bureau of Music to give at least one number by an American composer on each program. Friday's program includes a "Rhapsody" by Charbrier, two elegiac pieces for strings by Grieg, and

part of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony.

Miss Jessie Ringen, St. Louis' foremost vocal artist, has been engaged as soloist for the initial concert.

## UNFORSEEN CIRCUMSTANCE

After the battle of the Yalu, during the war between China and Japan, Admiral Ito, who, as will be remembered, covered himself with glory on that occasion, had granted a young officer a few days' leave of absence. When the time came for the absentee to rejoin his ship the admiral received the following laconic telegram: "Owing to unforeseen circumstance, I cannot, as expected, return to duty." The admiral replied: "Either give reason or return." Shortly after a message reached him from a hospital at Iokosuta: "Train lost—cannot travel; leg lost—cannot run. Will return if you insist." Admiral Ito did not insist.—*London Telegraph*.

"Why is the council summoned?" asked the Emperor of Corea. "In order that we may be prepared for any emergency," answered the prime minister; "we are getting ready to change the name of our country from 'The Land of the Morning Calm' to 'The Land of the Cold Gray Dawn of the Morning After.'"—*Washington Star*.



## NEW BOOKS

C. Howard Hinton, whose name is well known to students of the subject, has prepared, in a volume which Mr. John Lane announces for immediate publication under the title, "The Fourth Dimension," a popular exposition of the hypothesis of a higher dimensionality of space. The book is free from mathematical subtleties, and technical methods of reasoning. The discussion of the perspective of thought opened by the present day theory, and the methods of reasoning in the matter employed by the ancients and by later original workers in metageometry, such as Lobatchewsky, Bolyai and Gauss will give the reader to whom the field is new a better grasp on the purpose of the inquiry and a livelier interest in its historical progress, while preparing him for the detailed exposition of the use of the four dimensions in thought, the properties of four dimensional figures and solids, and the applications of the theory to follow. Though, as the author says, all attempts to visualize a fourth dimension are futile, its possibilities and properties can be examined mathematically with convenience only by the use of clear diagrams of figures and solids assumed as existing in the fourth dimension. The drawings in this book, of which there are many, including a colored plate of the Tesseract, are plain and explicit; a pleasant aid in following the argument. The price of the volume is \$1.50.

"The Sound of a Voice that is Still," by Archie Campbell, is a volume which John Lane will publish immediately. It is a book of travels to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler is commonly supposed to return. The writer falls into a trance, from which he recovers, not in the usual fashion of a full resumption of bodily activities, but in the manner which is represented as commonly experienced only in death. His personality is disembodied, and he sees both his unconscious and abandoned body and the spirits of his dead friends and kindred. During this bodily trance, which lasts two days and three nights, the spirit of the writer spends the time most pleasantly and profitably with a charming circle of regained friends, who instruct him in all the mysteries of the life beyond, as far as it has been given them in the various states of spiritual progress to know them. These spirits are most engagingly drawn as surprisingly human in their ways, and not in the least after the pattern of spooky preconceptions. The account combines the interest of an adroitly handled narrative, with a thoroughly developed hypothesis of future life and reincarnation. The price per copy is \$1.00.

The *Petit Parisien's* St. Petersburg correspondent sends a sad story regarding the sister of Admiral Makaroff, whose hair, although she is only 50 years old, has turned absolutely white. She told a representative of the press that she had two visions on the night of the admiral's death, when he appeared and told her of the explosion. Her name is Mme. Tabounoff. She is the widow of an officer and receives only a

small pension, which Admiral Makaroff used to supplement.

## PACIFYING AN AUDIENCE

"A curious incident occurred in Indianapolis a few months ago," said a theater manager to a writer recently. "We were to give 'The Eternal City' in English's Opera House Well, the morning arrived, but, owing to a delay on the road, most of the scenery and some of the players had not made their appearance. Time went on, and it was not until the audience had assembled and were beginning to impatiently stamp their feet that the scenic equipment and the artists eventually turned up. The orchestra went to work and ground out all the old favorites, but we knew that the first scene of 'The Eternal City' could not possibly be in place until at least an hour after the time appointed.

"There was a consultation held as to the best thing to be done under the circumstances, and finally the business manager went before the curtain, explained things to the audience, and told them frankly that the management had decided to keep the curtain up in order that the spectators might see the stage hands at work. There was considerable applause, and when the curtain rose, displaying odd pieces of scenery, ropes, working men, actors, etc., the work of setting a scene was watched with absorbing interest. Walls were picked up and carried away, landscapes tossed aside, and gradually the terrible muddle began to assume the appearance of a room, and almost before the audience had realized the fact the first act of 'The Eternal City' had begun.

"Several years ago an amusing incident occurred in an English provincial town during the run of the well-known play, 'The Romany Rye.' It was just about time for the curtain to go up, when the manager received a telegram from the principal actor saying that the train had been wrecked and that he would be unable to present himself before a quarter to nine at the earliest. As no understudy had been provided, it was proposed that the spectators should be treated to a rehearsal of the first act, and thus be enabled to realize what happens when the principal actor fails to turn up.

"Matters were explained to the waiting audience, and the manager, who saw that there was a good story for the following day's papers in the scheme, inquired if a gentleman from among the audience would kindly undertake to read the absent hero's part. After some delay one of the spectators got up and, amidst cheers, took his place on the stage. The stage manager was told privately not to spare the performers, and they in their turn made continuous and ridiculous mistakes, which kept the audience in a roar of laughter for the better part of an hour. It was exactly 9:15 when the curtain went up on the first scene of 'The Romany Rye,' and, though the play did not conclude until half an hour after midnight the audience was enthusiastic in its praise, and in consequence the theater was packed during the rest of the run.

"Audiences before now have been paci-

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fied for unavoidable delays by the free distribution of coffee and cakes. Such an incident occurred in a New Jersey theater last March. The manager had had some friction with the scene shifters, and it was discovered that the ropes by which the heavy scenery was moved had been cut through and rendered useless, and the stage carpenter declared that it would take at least an hour and a half to re-rope the scenes. The manager at once telephoned to a near-by caterer, asking how long it would be before he could be serving the audience with refreshments.

"The caterer replied that he would be handing round coffee and ices within fifteen minutes of receiving the order. Ten minutes later a small army of

waiters and waitresses arrived at the theater, and within half a minute of the expiration of the stipulated time the audience was being 'refreshed.' Everything passed off successfully, and at 9:30 the scenery was repaired and the play progressed smoothly to the finish."

—Tit-Bits.

"Don't worry, dear," said the magazine editor's wife; "it's too bad that you were burned out just a week before the time for going to press, but perhaps you can get other stories and poems to take the place of the ones that were lost." "It isn't that," he groaned; "I can get plenty of stories and poems, but the copy for our soap ads. has all gone up in smoke."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## AN OBSERVING IRISHMAN

May 28, '04.

To the Editor "The Mirror:"

Dear Sir—I am an Irishman and an admirer of many things American, such as its great institutions, its energy and its confidence in itself. But, sir, some vinegar with the salad is no bad thing and I wish with your kind permission, to say a few words about your faults.

On page four of your issue of May 26th appear the following words: "the newest and greatest world power—the United States in any way compare as a statement were true, it is not in good taste. But is it true? How can the United States in any way compare as a world power with Great Britain, or even France and Germany? This exemplifies one of your worst faults—brag. Like the individual, so the nation, and this country, is like the youth of twenty, full of vitality and with every promise for the future, but believing that he knows everything and has nothing to learn from his seniors. It is an entirely mistaken idea. In many things you are years and years behind Europe. Take this city of St. Louis, for example. It contains hardly a building of any architectural merit, the streets are in a wretched condition, and as to the dirt, I have never seen anything like it outside this country. What, too, is sadly lacking in America is the comfort and refinement of life. You hustle too much. Give your brain more play and your bodies more rest. Think out great things and then create them—you can do it, perhaps better than other people, but you do not give yourselves the chance! In this huge American population how few men there are to-day who take a foremost place among the great thinkers of the world. You want more writers, more artists, more philosophers, more Edisons. Above all, you want more architects. The buildings at the World's Fair show what you can do in that respect if you but put your minds to it. I need say no more. I write with no unkind thought, but rather the reverse, and I trust you will publish this letter.

Truly yours,

A. Carroll.

## UNCONSCIOUS

J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, was on hand at the recent launching of the giant Dakota at Groton, Conn. The time for the launching was noon next day after his arrival, and it was nearly 10:30 o'clock before Mr. Hill awoke. At 10:55 o'clock persons saw him hurry along State street, and just catch the 11 o'clock boat bound for the Groton side of the harbor.

Mr. Hill noticed, while watching the preparation for the launching, that several of the employees seemed to be tickled over something, and after the boat had taken the water and as he entered the banquet hall, Mr. Hill saw that some of the committee were endeavoring with a look of worry on their faces, to attract his attention. This was a day of happiness, however, and he waved them aside.

The banquet progressed merrily, and during it the many feasters kept glanc-

ing at Mr. Hill. He had noticed this, but gave it no thought until Thomas Waller, ex-governor of Connecticut, offered the following toast: "Here's to the man who will see nothing in life but the star of success and sacrifices all other observances for that."

There was much clapping of hands and laughter, all joining in the merriment except Mr. Hill. To him it sounded flat and dry. When he disrobed that night, however, he saw that in the hurry of the morning he had forgotten to remove his nightshirt, and therefore had been wearing the article for the last forty-eight hours, during which period of time the piece of dry goods had been before the eyes of 12,000 people.

## NEEDED CONVERSION

Bishop Talbot tells a story of a man he had met while bishop of Idaho, who wanted the bishop's opinion on the probability of his wife's going to heaven. The bishop said he told this Missourian that he was pretty sure his wife would reach there, and suggested that he be confirmed, too, in order to take the same path.

"No," said the bishop's friend, as he related. "I'm not good enough, but if my wife gets there and the gates are shut so I can't get in she'll raise h—."

Mr. Huggins—"What do you think of the latest medical dictum that kissing is unhealthy?"

Mr. Hunker—"It is quite true. Mr. Munney caught me kissing his daughter and I was laid up for a whole week."

He: "I've turned many a girl's head."  
She: "Yes—away from you!"

## What is Gas?

It's ordinary COAL with the dirt, ashes and smoke taken out by the Gas Company.

What is gas? It's hard, heavy coal—the kind you pack upstairs in buckets—with the Weight and Work taken out.

What is gas? It's coal—which makes cooking a drudgery—with the Drudgery taken out.

What is gas? It's coal—not delivered in your back yard—but through a small pipe, right into your Gas Range in the kitchen.

What is gas? It's refined coal—with Everything taken out but the heat—the one thing you want.

And more than that! Gas is coal—with a part of the PRICE taken out—and you don't pay in advance either.

Such is gas—the most unique cooking convenience of the 20th Century.

Are YOU wide awake to all its advantages?

## The Laclede Gas Light Company,

716 LOCUST STREET.

## OMELETTES EXTRAORDINARY

My good friend, the excellent artist, Bontabac, lives in the via Chartres, over a bird store.

His domestic affairs are attended to by an ancient and priceless negress, one of the most extraordinary economists in the world.

Aunt Césaire and Mme. Pipiri, proprietress of the bird store, are great friends. Between them, they work many economies.

Ah, Bontabac did not know!

His omelettes were excellent. Eggs might soar in price beyond the steward's allowance, but there were the eggs. Always omelette—never boiled.

One day Bontabac said, wiping his beard:

"Excellent, Aunt Césaire! A very fine omelette! But why not occasionally boil the eggs?"

Aunt Césaire smiled and "ah, c'est mon secret," she said.

One early morning Bontabac found out. He discovered Mme. Pipiri passing to Aunt Césaire, through a back window, four alligator eggs. Aunt Césaire, in return, passed over a bowl of red wine.

That morning he had omelette—fine, let me tell you.

Next day the blue birds laid.

Omelette for breakfast—blue-bird omelette.

Each morning he watched—parrot, pops, canaries, cop-cops, parquets—he ate omelettes made of the eggs of every bird that flies.

"I fear only snakes," Bontabac told me. "An omelette of rattle-snake or boa eggs would make me uncomfortable."—New Orleans Harlequin.

This story comes from Massachusetts, and tells how Norah kept a secret. Said the mistress of the mansion: "Norah, my husband and I have both noticed that all the neighbors stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we are newly married?" Norah: "Me tell 'em, mum? Agin express orders? Why, whenever anybody tried to pump me, mum, I told 'em you wasn't married at all."

"Is he a littérateur?" "Oh, dear no. Why, he's able to sell the stuff he writes."—Chicago Evening Post.

"He comes of a distinguished family, I believe." "Yes. His people have worn glasses for three generations."—Ex.

**PATNT**

Most any kind of Paint will please Some of the people Some of the time, But

**The Horse Shoe Brand**

The Strictly Pure Kind Is made to please All of the people All of the time. It's all Paint And no worry. The other kind Has the worry in it Don't Forget That.

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NORRIS B. GREGG, PRES. E. H. DYER, SEC. WM. H. GREGG, JR., VICE-PRES.



SOCIETY

The Catlins have been the favored ones par excellence in society this week by having for their guest President Roosevelt's vivacious daughter. They have eclipsed everybody in a nice and pleasant sort of way, and were really for this week, the pivot social on which all else moved.

It was all done in a manner characteristic with the Catlins, that of unostentatious lavishness. Mrs. Catlin is a delightful hostess, and her daughters are apt aides-de-camp in dispensing hospitality at the handsome Catlin home. The fact that the honored guest of the house was a young girl was never for a moment forgotten. The Catlin set, which is large and prominent, was all invited to bask in the sunshine of the unwonted honor, and to meet the first "Girl in America" sans facon and sans fache.

The gaieties began with the arrival of the President's daughter, and will end with her departure to-night or tomorrow morning. In going to all the entertainments given for her, sometimes three and four a day, Miss Roosevelt displayed her father's strenuousness. If she tired at all by the round of pleasure, she never showed it.

The Francis, Mrs. Daniel Manning, Dr. Theodore Lewald, and others connected prominently with the World's Fair, played hosts to fair Alice, but the Catlins skimmed the cream off of everybody by the exquisite tactfulness of their entertaining.

Last Monday was the star day of a strenuous life for Miss Roosevelt and her hosts. First came a luncheon at the Fair Grounds, given to the Catlins and their distinguished guest by President Francis, who has his two charming daughters-in-law, Mrs. Perry Francis and Mrs. D. R. Francis, Jr., for his social aids, since Mrs. Francis is at the Springs, recuperating from the ardent duties of World's Fair hostess.

In the evening followed Mrs. Daniel Manning's dinner at her home in Ber-

lin avenue. This, perhaps, was the most enjoyable of the more informal functions given for Miss Roosevelt. In the first place the dinner company consisted of charming girls and delightful men, not too many, who sat down to one of the most exquisite menus, served on gold, and in cut glass, that was ever gotten up in St. Louis. Among the St. Louis men, whom Mrs. Manning had invited to this charming dinner, were Mr. Robert Brookings, Mr. Perry Francis and Mr. Dan Catlin, Jr.

The ball in the "Deutsche Haus," which Dr. Theodore Lewald gave at night, topped off the biggest day Miss Roosevelt has probably ever had in her life. At this ball, too, there was more delightful informality, suited to the entertainment of the young, than stately dignity, though the latter was by no means lacking in the disposition of the exquisitely appointed round tables, in the banquet hall of the German building. There always is a "first" table at German banquets, either of royalty or the nobility, and at the first table here sat Dr. Lewald, who has escorted Miss Roosevelt, with the Erb-Prinz Ratibor, Mrs. Alexander, of New York, Mrs. Perry Francis, Mrs. Adolphus Busch, Mrs. Fred V. Skiff, Mrs. George D. Markham, Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery, Prince Ratibor and Messrs. Michael Lagrave, Rolla Wells and Adolphus Busch.

Tuesday at noon Miss Roosevelt was the guest of the Board of Lady Managers, who gave her a beautiful luncheon in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. There was much stateliness about this function, to which more than an hundred invitations had been issued by gracious Mrs. Manning, who wished to extend the opportunity to meet the President's daughter to as many of her colleagues and friends as could possibly be accommodated.

A large party of prominent Englishmen will arrive in St. Louis Saturday to visit the World's Fair. In this party are Lord Lyveden and his secretary, Mr. Edward Lunn, Sir Alfred Newton, Bart., former Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Newton, Sir John and Lady Sherburne, Mr. and Mrs. James Bailey and Miss Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burbidge, Mr. and Mrs. Trywell J. Fairclough, and Mr. and Mrs. George Shrubbsall. This distinguished coterie of visitors will be entertained at the Planters' Hotel.

The next important social affair to be given at the World's Fair will be the Mexican ball, to which probably one thousand invitations will be issued.

Col. and Mrs. L. S. Thorne, of Dallas, Tex., are the hosts of a large party of friends, whom they brought up from the Lone Star State in their private car. Last Friday they gave an elaborate dinner at the Buckingham Club, to which some of the most distinguished persons in the country did honor. Among Col. and Mrs. Thorne's guests were Governor Graham of Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Randolph of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Q. Mills of Texas, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Wortham of the Texas Commission, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Craycroft, Mrs. H. E. Prather and others.

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

Warner's Rust-Proof "Gazelle."

The dainty white lawn waist, the sheer wash gowns, call for great care in selection of the Summer Corset. The most desirable feature is "Rust-Proof," the next is coolness.



Gazelle meets these requirements; it has the long skirt, with apron hip and dip front for the full figure, controlling the hips and decidedly flattening the abdomen, giving the long slope from the shoulder over the bust and a queenly carriage to the figure.

Made of Batiste, the summer fabric that is light and dainty and very serviceable; in white only; comes with front and side jaratelles; 18 to 36 inches—a pair.....\$2.00

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PARASOLS and CANES.

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TO YOU



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WORTH TAKING.  
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Exclusively for Ladies  
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Every souvenir of merit has its first showing here. Many we control and they are not shown in any other store.

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10c and 15c per pair.

The PALACE  
512 Locust St.

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

PHONE MAIN 676 A.  
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

The fashionable mode of entertaining World's Fair visitors just now is to place an automobile and a smart chauffeur at their disposal. In the last week hundreds of automobiles have been sent all over the city in this way. These World's Fair automobiles are built in all sorts of forms, from the hansom for two to the large park wagons, in which large parties can be accommodated. The Catlins set the pace, by automobiling Miss Roosevelt wherever they went.

Col. and Mrs. Thorne accepted the

After the theater, before the matinee, or when down town shopping

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.



vogue of the day, and hired automobiles by the wholesale for the party they brought with them from Texas.

The Kirschners, Misses Marie and Lola, the latter the distinguished German author, Osip Schubin, have caught the auto fever, and are always seen spinning through the Fair, when not entertaining or being entertained. They gave their first reception in the German section of the Palace of Varied Industries last Friday. It was attended by all the notables connected with the Fair.

Miss Elise von Ende, of Berlin, is back again with her relatives, the Edgar C. Lacklands, and Mrs. Henry Kayser, of Vandeventer place, whose guest she was during the winter. Miss Von Ende will return home late in June.

Mrs. W. F. Schofield, of Lindell boulevard, gave a dainty luncheon last Friday noon, which was not eclipsed by the Roosevelt functions. It was in honor of Mrs. Finis P. Ernest, Lady Manager from Colorado. This luncheon was followed next day with a dinner for Mrs. Dimies Denison, of New York, and Mrs. N. B. Thatcher, of Colorado.

Miss Emily Maffitt gave a small informal luncheon at the German building to her guest, Miss Mason, of New York, her sister, Mrs. Charles F. Bates, and Miss Julia Waterman.

The tea which Mrs. John T. Davis gave last Saturday at her Westmoreland place residence was for Mmes. Wadsworth and Cadogan, of New York, both former St. Louisans. The former was

Martha Blow, the latter the vivacious Carro Briggs. Other guests of Mrs. Davis' were Mmes. Hugh and Tom McKittrick, Mrs. H. C. January, and Misses Ella Cochran, Mamie Tutt and Mary Clark.

Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom, of Westmoreland place, is entertaining for a few weeks her niece, Miss Julia Hodge, of Bloomington, Ill. Miss Hodge became quite a favorite in the smart set during her last winter's visit in St. Louis.

Mrs. R. B. Dula and the Misses Dula left for New York, where they will now reside, Mr. Dula having already preceded them. The Dulas will be decidedly missed by a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Geo. Warren Brown was so ill at the Majestic Hotel, in New York, that her family had to be sent for. She is now on the way to recovery.

Miss Ada Wenneker of 5254 Maple avenue entertained a number of her friends on Sunday evening last. After games and guessing contests a light luncheon was served, and an enjoyable time spent. Those present were: Misses Helen Long, Flora Guhman, Katherine Long, Myrtel Wenneker, Dott Long; Messrs. Raleigh Sisson, Geo. E. Brown, Clyde A. Andrews, Bird Stark, D. D. McIntyre. The prize winners were Mr. Andrews, Mr. Brown and Miss Helen Long.

Dooley—Duffy looks like a man with a troubled conscience. What ails him? Murphy—It's not his conscience; it's his feet. He doesn't wear Swope's Shoes. They're the best and you get 'em at 311 N. Broadway.

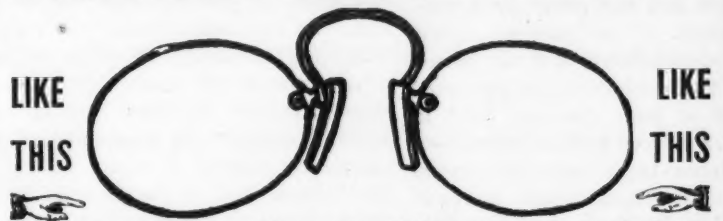
#### CONSPICUOUS BY HIS ABSENCE

The authorship of the significant phrase, "conspicuous by his absence," which has been used unnumbered times, is in loose dispute. The London *Saturday Review* gave it to Shakespeare; the New York *Times Saturday Review* described it as "a clumsy adaptation of a French phrase;" a correspondent of the last named review, correcting both, says it was "really an adaptation by Lord Brougham, I believe, of an expression of Tacitus, who at the close of the third book of the *Annals*, describes the funeral of Junia, the sister of Brutus and wife of Cassius, who survived her husband and her brother for sixty-three years and died in the reign of Tiberius. Twenty images of her illustrious relatives or connections were carried before her bier, 'sed praefulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso, quod effigies eorum non visebantur.'" This writer is correct, except as to the English adapter, and he and the others could have found all about it by consulting Bartlett's Dictionary of Familiar Quotations, where the phrase of Tacitus is quoted from the Bohn translation, as follows: "The images of twenty of the most illustrious families—the Manlii, the Quinctii and other names of equal splendor—were carried before it. Those of Brutus and Cassius were not displayed, but for that reason they shone with preeminent luster."



Benjamin Franklin invented the first Bifocal or double-vision glasses—and since his time there has been no real improvement until Aloe's introduced their new, patented "KRYPTOK"

## INVISIBLE BIFOCAL LENSES



They combine a reading and a distance lens in a single frame without that annoying crack or line or any of the many faults and objections which heretofore existed in the old style bifocal or double-vision glasses.

"Kryptok" Lenses are made exclusively by Aloe's in the State of Missouri, and can not be obtained anywhere else. Ask to see them or send for descriptive circular.

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Nothing could be more fitting than that the boy or girl graduate should be made the recipient of a handsome gift to commemorate this eventful period in life. Especially should the gift be one of permanent character—Such as we suggest below.

Solitaire Diamond Rings .....	\$20.00 up
Solid Gold Watches .....	\$20.00 up
Jeweled Scarf Pins .....	\$3.50 up
Pearl Lace Pins .....	\$10.00 up

SEVENTH AND PINE **F. W. DROSTEN** PINE AND SEVENTH

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Private Sanitarium, 512 Washington Ave.,  
Woman's Department, under Supervision of  
Dr. M. M. Harris.

St. Louis, Mo.  
Men's Department, under Supervision of  
Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.

### MUSIC IN WAR

The value of music as a factor in war is being recognized by both sides in the struggle in the Far East. We are told that the Japanese army marched singing into the recent battle; and, if what we hear of their vocal abilities be true, this alone was enough to make the Russians want to run away. Now the St. Petersburg *Novosti* states that a number of popular bards and ballad singers have been sent to the front, who are to go from regiment to regiment and entertain the Russian soldiers. The Russian peasant is intensely fond of music, and the nation possesses a great wealth of folk songs, which are handed down from generation to generation by pro-

### MISS BANKHEAD,

34 W. 17th Street, New York City.

Large, cool rooms, with private baths; convenient shopping; excellent home table. Refined parties for desired. References exchanged.

Professional singers or reciters, who are able to exercise a remarkable influence over their listeners. The Cossack or soldier songs are said to be bold and stirring compositions, full of freshness and vigor, inspiring feelings of loyalty, courage and contempt for death. Altogether, the two armies promise to remind us of the days of the "valiant troubadour," the "minstrel boy," the ancient British bard, and even Tyrtæus and the melodious Miriam.

## AROUND THE WORLD



See the Wonders of the Globe

by taking the cruise on the Palatial Twin Screw S. S.

### Prinzessin Victoria Luise.

**I. CRUISE**  
leaves N. Y. Sept. 15, 1904, for Hamburg, then to Dover, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Villefranche, Genoa, Athens, Constantinople, Jaffa, Port Said, Ismailia, Bombay, (15 days for overland trip to Calcutta), Colombo, Calcutta, Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Tsingtau, Nagasaki, Hogo (optional overland trip to Yokohama), Yokohama, Honolulu, Hilo and San Francisco, and by special train to New York.

### II. CRUISE

leaves San Francisco Jan. 24, 1905.

The itinerary arranged includes a visit to all the most interesting countries in the world. Duration 4½ months. Cost \$1,500 upward, including principal side-trips and railroad transportation across American continent. Steamer always your home. No delays—waiting for connections. No customs examinations en route. No packing and unpacking of trunks.

Success assured.  
Ports of call not affected by hostilities in the East.

For further particulars apply  
**Hamburg-American Line,**  
901 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.



AMUSEMENTS

"The Country Girl," who is playing a return engagement at the Olympic Theater this week, is a very dear creature. In New York she was the vogue for a long time; on the road, too, she proved herself popular, and in St. Louis she was more than ordinarily attractive. It may not be generally known, but the theme of "The Country Girl" was evidently "borrowed" from an old German comedy, called "Countess Pauline," which the Heinemann-Welb Stock Company presented this past winter in its repertoire. In the English version the Queen's Jubilee is used instead of the court circles in the German play. Alice Mallin is playing the part of Nan in this week's engagement. Later on this company will revive "San Toy," "The Geisha," and "A Runaway Girl," all capital English musical comedies, that pleased enormous audiences before.

"The Tenderfoot" is spreading himself over another week at the Century Theater. Richard Cole has reason to be proud for imparting so much staying quality to the piece, for its long engagements depend very much upon him. The many catchy lyrics in the comedy will never let it grow stale.

Next week "A Girl from Dixie," the big Shubert, Nixon and Zimmermann production, with a cast of sixty people, engaged in the original presentation, will be at the Century Theater. This engagement is one of the most important of the summer at a down-town theater.

"Arrah Na Pogue," a revival of one

of Dion Boucicault's greatest successes, is presented at the Imperial Theater by Barney Gilmore, who drops naturally into the footsteps of his great predecessor. In the production Mr. Gilmore's singing counts for much, as it does in all fine Irish plays. He is surrounded by an excellent supporting company, including Edwin Boring, Angeline Pullis, G. H. Towler, and Dorothy Vaughn. The Imperial is very lucky in the choice of its revivals this season, having scored with Victory Bateman, and now with Gilmore.

The Imperial Theater closes its doors Saturday evening, June 4, after a season of forty-three weeks, the longest and most successful in its history. The theater will be completely renovated and put in first-class condition in every way, and will reopen Monday, August 1st, with the largest and most important production to be presented in this city during the Fair, David Belasco's drama of Old Japan, "The Darling of the Gods," with Blanche Bates and the entire original cast, scenery and effects. This play had one of the longest runs ever recorded in New York, and is the acknowledged foremost production of the century.

At the Standard Theater "The Cherry Blossoms" are frisking through two daily performances. This burlesque is very much worth while, contains some good fun element and lots of good music. The burlettas are "At Naragansett Pier," and "A First Night," both jolly entertainments, with sufficient plot to carry the action. The olio is composed of several headliners in vaudeville, the Alpine Family of Acrobats, Nelly Hanley, a favorite at this house, Rice and Camp, and Carlisle and Perry. The underline for next week is "Merry Maidens."

Forest Park Highlands enters upon its big summer bookings. One of the greatest attractions in vaudeville for the last year, Mme Mantelli, the superb contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be at the Highlands next week. There is no artiste just like Mantelli in the vaudeville of to-day. She is a class by herself, and will be until she retires from the lucrative career which she has chosen. Zoa Mathews is another singer on next week's programme, also in a class by herself, though not as high in estimate or price. The comedy element is well represented. Blocksom and Burns, comedy acrobats; Martinetti and Grossi, European Novelty surprise artists, and Clayton, Jasper and White are entertainers of the best character. The Highlands is now the finest equipped amusement resort in St. Louis, or in the West. It has this year five entirely new amusement devices. The latest is the Circle Swing, which is a beautiful spectacle in itself, with its thousand electric lights, that are strung on the cables which support the swingings cars. Since Sunday it is the talk of the town.

"Palestine Two Thousand Years Ago" will be opened to the public next



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## THE TWO-PIECE EXPOSITION SUMMER SUIT

Single or double breasted Outing Suits of loosely woven homespun and tropical worsteds in feather weights; a constant hint of sea breezes and mountain air, for they lower your temperature to a degree of comfort you'll appreciate these summer days of Exposition sight-seeing.

Form the acquaintance of metropolitan fashions and our smart-appearing clothes, for you cannot afford to dress less perfect in contrast with well-dressed representative men from all parts of the world. Why need you consider any standard of clothes perfection which does not qualify with the best, since here the very best may be had without risk, of authentic fashions, best fabrics and expert workmanship and at a fair price—\$12 to \$35.

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The Republic Bldg.,  
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Always insist upon having  
The Genuine

**MURRAY &  
LANMAN'S  
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The most refreshing and  
delightful perfume for the  
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LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST  
**RESTAURANT**  
IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining  
Rooms and Several Smaller  
Rooms for Private Dinner  
Parties.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive St.

Music by Vogel's Orchestra Every Evening

Sunday. A beautiful temple-like structure has been erected for the Nilsson Statuary Groups, representing the Life of Christ in Palestine in sixteen life-size,

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artistically moulded figures, and beautifully posed groups. Nothing more exquisite than this sacred spectacle of the historical religious scenes that interest all mankind has been seen in St. Louis. Carl Johan Nilsson is one of the leading sculptors of Scandinavia. He prepared this exhibit of sixteen groups for the Art and Industrial Exposition of Stockholm in 1897. So well was the Swedish government pleased with the finesse of his work, that it caused a special temple to be erected for the exhibit, where more than 200,000 visitors paid tribute to it during the life of the Exposition. The statues are so posed and grouped in niches that the perspective aids illusion in making them very life-like. It is not saying too much that thousands of visitors to the World's Fair will find delightful rest from the whirlwind of sight-seeing at the Fair grounds in this quiet temple of art and homage to the artistic portrayal of the Life of Christ two thousand years ago.



#### GORGEOUS PIKE DAY, JUNE 4

"Multimillionaire Pike Day," Saturday, June 4, will be without doubt the greatest of all special days at the World's Fair, for on that occasion the most gorgeous spectacle ever witnessed in America will be seen. A program well worth a journey of any distance to see has been arranged for the occasion, and the men who originated and clothed the idea, Messrs. E. W. Handlan, H. F. McGarvie, Major T. S. Clarkson and Colonel T. T. Cummins, the greatest showmen in the world, promise that the spectacle will never be forgotten by those who witness it.

And the beauty of it all is that it will be free. Many persons remember the opening day of the Exposition and the "Pike Parade," and thought the latter was a magnificent sight, but the Pike shows were not all installed at that time, and consequently the number and magnitude of its attractions were not definitely known. But on June 4 St. Louis and all her guests at the Fair will witness the combined Pike shows, eighty in number, in a grand pageant, which for variety, splendor and uniqueness, will have no parallel in the history of pageants in this country.

It will be a gigantic carnival of nations surpassing anything of its kind ever attempted.

All the freaks and all the pomp, all the peculiarities of every country and people will be seen. Wild animals from every clime, many of them the only specimens in captivity, will be one of the many features of the great parade. Besides, there will be free shows such as a water carnival in the grand basin, including contests between representatives of many countries, swimming, high diving and other aquatic feats. Marvelous high-wire walking and a life-risking slide down 1,000 feet by an athlete who clings by his teeth to a strand of wire, will also be among the free attractions to be seen in the Plaza of St. Louis. Besides, there will be lacrosse games between Obijay Indians, who are as swift and accurate in their play as the Jai Alai athletes; balloon

ascensions, parachute leaps by female aeronauts, racing and rough riding and dancing.

Altogether, it will be one of the greatest carnivals of thrill and laughter ever seen. The free exhibitions to be given will begin promptly at 11 o'clock and as there will be a gigantic crowd on hand that day, persons should go early and secure points of vantage to witness the various events. In the parade will be a series of the most magnificent floats ever arranged.



#### THE TYROLEAN ALPS

Have you been to the Tyrolean Alps in the World's Fair Grounds? If not, you have missed one of the pleasure spots of the big Exposition. At the Alps the visitor can enjoy a magnificent scenic railroad ride, can have a fine bottle or glass of beer and an elegant meal. The cuisine and service is the finest to be found in the city. The symphony Orchestra of 100 pieces renders sweet music throughout the entire day and up to the closing hour at night. Thousands of persons find pleasure at this magnificent retreat at the Fair. The crowd alone are an attraction for any one.



#### SAVING BY TELEPHONE

Hello, Central, give me South by Southeast, 414, please. I dropped it—there—Hello, is this Mrs. Winslow? You know me? Yes? Good morning. Oh, nothing much. I just rang you to get my money's worth. The telephone man calls to-day for the monthly payment, and I think I'm three or four calls short. I have to pay the dollar and a half anyway, so I might as well have the fun of talking to you.

Any news? Raffle? A hand-painted chocolate pot that a friend of yours wants to raffle? How much are the chances? Yes, I can spend fifty cents, I guess. You may select the number, of you will. What's that? You hope I'll win it? So do I, or I'll be forty-five cents poorer than if I hadn't called you up. (Laughs merrily.) Good-by.

Hello, Central, this time I want Hyde Park, 2 double O. Yes, there. Hello, Mrs. Pegrum. Hello, how are you?—Oh, nothing, just wanted to hurry up and talk to you before the telephone man calls to collect. I don't think I've talked up all the nickels. You were going down town? Well, it's lucky I caught you. What? You'll come to lunch first?—Oh, yes, perfectly convenient, of course—I'll be delighted to have you. What's that? Oh, not at all. (Laughs, not so merrily.) Good-by.

Hello, Central again, please give me Main 61. Yes (there goes the last nickel). Hello, who is this, please? Bertha? Good—what? You were going to call me up, but heard I was sick? No. I'm perfectly well. You were going to entertain the club for me, thinking I was ill? How good of you, but now—well, no, of course, it won't be necessary. I really am well enough, I suppose. So you will all be here? Oh, of course—charmed, I'm sure—how stupid of me to have forgotten it was my turn. I'm so glad you reminded me.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

BENIGNA VENA

BY

MICHAEL MONAHAN

A book made up of the Author's darling opinions (for many of which he has filed the First Caveat) on divers literary themes and persons.

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The writers treated are modern men with whom the Author has passed the best hours of his mental life—they lived, too, as well as wrote, and in them the world has still a living interest.

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THE PAPYRUS,

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Oh, dear no. (Laughs weakly.) Not at all. Good-by.

(Hangs up receiver; counts on her fingers.) "Savings account, fifteen cents. Expense account—one chance in a raffle—one guest to lunch—one card club meeting." Stands calculating.

Enter telephone agent. Counts money and announces, "Well, this box is beginning to pay—seventy cents over this month, madam."

Madam bits her upper lip loudly.



A steamer was stopped in the mouth of a river owing to a fog. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay. "Can't see up the river," replied the captain.

"But I can see the stars overhead," continued the old lady.

"Yes," said the captain gruffly, "but until the boilers bust we ain't going that way."

A demure little woman entered a car with a child, whom she at first placed on the seat beside her, and then on her lap to make room for a fierce-looking man, who soon became engrossed in a newspaper. The child kicked its tiny feet in delight at the strange things it saw while riding along, and its shoes rubbed against the man's trousers. "Perhaps, madam," he exclaimed, "you imagine that this conveyance is your private carriage?" "Oh, no, I don't" was the prompt reply. "If it were, you wouldn't be riding in it."



"Isn't her display of diamonds magnificent?"

"It is undeniably lavish," replied Miss Cayenne; "and in so much better taste than it would be to ornament herself with real money and government bonds."



## WASTED SYMPATHY

How unfortunate it must be to belong to the masculine species, and to be compelled to wear ugly coats, awkward trousers, neck fixings that can hardly be called entrancing, and hats that no stretch of imagination could consider conducive to personal loveliness.

Men's clothes are ugly; there's no denying it. Compare that height of hideousness, a top hat, with the adorable creation of lace and roses a woman pins to her pretty topknot on state occasions, says the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. Contrast the flowing robes of shimmering silk and billowy lace with the hard, severe outlines of the black and white study in which her escort is got up. Of course the contrast heightens the softness of femininity of her get-up, as it is meant to do, but it is a little hard that even in the realm of dress man should have to submit to martyrdom.

There are so many nice things he can't wear. How must he feel when he looks into a case of frilly frocks, fresh from Paris, embroidered and tucked and fluted in a way to make a woman look like an angel; but which he must forswear forever.

What must be his sensation when he pauses beside the belt counter and realizes that not one of those lovely satin and jewel circles is for him; nay, nothing more artistic than a leather band or an ungainly harness of suspenders.

The bitterness of despair must fill his soul when he wanders into a shoe shop and sees the infinitesimal bow-tied things in all colors of the rainbow intended for woman's dainty feet, while for him there are only great homely pairs of black or tan things, half a mile long and utterly guiltless of "instep."

What mad longings assail him in the shirt waist shop, who can conjecture? The most airy negligee shirt extant or to be created is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the exquisite cobwebs put forth this spring to tempt the souls of blouse-wearing women.

When he ambles by the lace counter who can guess the passionate rebellion that surges in the breast limited to a few ugly buttons and watch guard for decoration?

There are things at the fan counter, and at the parasol counter, to drive him to suicide when he reflects that all his life he is condemned to a black umbrella and a palm leaf unadorned.

What does he think when he gazes upon the new pink and white and blue silk raincoats and remembers that for him there is only a homely cravenette?

What must be his sensations when he beholds a window full of ethereal lingerie, spun by fair hands, and compare it with the bald-looking garments prepared for him?

Pray, how does he feel when the veil counter dawns upon his sight, whereat there are many ladies trying on yards of floating iridescent chiffon and transforming themselves into visions of loveliness therewith, while with anguish of spirit he realizes that unkind fashion has made no provision for the concealment of his freckles or that mysterious veiling of his charms which would make

them but the more irresistible. Pray, how does he feel then?

"He feels," blurts out a rough man, "like thanking heaven that he has been delivered from all the insane vanities to which women are heir. That's how he feels! And he wouldn't be hampered with their ridiculous toggeries for any consideration on earth."

Oh, well, if that is how he feels, it is not worth while to waste any more sympathy on him.



## WOMAN'S PRIME

Every stage of life has its beauty, but there is no doubt that the fair women who have had most influence on men have generally reached the zenith of their power toward middle age. Helen of Troy became famous at the age of forty; Cleopatra was over thirty when she met Anthony. Diana of Poitiers was six and thirty when Henry II. fell in love with her; and Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Europe.

There is no denying the charm of the pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen, but it is the beauty of the child rather than the woman, and the highest beauty is not to be found in immaturity. The delicacy of the milk-and-roses complexion is, it is true, the monopoly of youth, but a woman's best and richest years are from about eight-and-twenty to forty. By that time she has acquired some knowledge of the world and learned to be sympathetic and tactful—two qualities often greatly lacking in the very young—and thus she is not only more lovable, but more capable of retaining the love she has inspired, than she was in her teens or early twenties.

It is an error for any woman to regard herself as *passee* at middle age, for she may be then at her best, and there is not the smallest reason why her years should not have added than detracted from her charms. Even old age is attractive in those who have learned to grow old gracefully.



## A WISE WIFE

"Speaking of playing the ponies," said the Old Sport, "I know a woman who has won \$8,000 in two years, and won it from her own husband at that. He is a prosperous saloon keeper down town, and for years has been throwing his money to the birds. He couldn't dope out a winner to save his life. About two years ago his wife, who has some money of her own, said to him: 'See here, Joe, if it is absolutely necessary for you to gamble on the races, we might as well make a family arrangement of it. I'll make a book for you every day, based on the regular odds that the bookmakers offer.' Well, Joe saw that if he was going to lose at all he might just as well lose to his wife and keep the money in the family, and ever since he has been patronizing his wife's book, only occasionally taking a little flyer on the outside. There has been no perceptible change in his luck, though, and in two years his wife has copped out \$8,000 of his easy money."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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## MEN WHO BURN MONEY

"There are not many men who smoke cigars at \$2 each," said the cigar man in a downtown restaurant much patronized by customers who do not have to worry about the cost of their luncheon; "but we have to keep them in stock. When they are called for it is usually by a couple of old chums who are lunching together after a long parting, who are feeling good, and who want a heavy smoke after a liberal meal. As a matter of fact, most men think they are burning money when they pay \$1 for a cigar. Sixty cents for one cigar, and from that down to three for fifty cents, is considered about the right thing. We sell a good many cigars at thirty-five cents each, or three for \$1. In fact, they are the standard thing in high-priced cigars. Occasionally a customer will buy a box of \$2 cigars, or even more expensive than that, for a birthday present, or to send to some friend going to Europe. These cigars are made only by skilled workmen and represent the highest perfection in cigar making."

—New York Times.



## IS YOUR BABY NORMAL?

When a person first becomes a parent he or she watches the little newborn creature with the most intense anxiety. The fear sometimes haunts the parent that perhaps the babe is not mentally perfect. The father tries to solve the problem, but his mind has nothing to hold to, nothing to guide it to a conclusion. A few glances may tell that the baby's body has all the outward evidences of being normal, but the parents' endeavors to understand the slowly awakening mind prove futile. "How much greater would be my joy," a mother often says to herself, "if I knew that my baby's brain is as it should be."

According to some experts, however, this suspense is needless. They declare that the mind of a baby is normal if the child is able to do certain things at certain ages. It is only when the baby acts differently that fear may well seize the mother's heart, a fear that her babe may be foolish, that only its animal nature will grow, while the mind remains dwarfed, sluggish, in a sort of continual twilight.

According to specialists, the mental symptoms of the baby may even be reduced to a catalogue, "A normal child," says Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson, in the *Medical Critic*, "is sensitive to light when a day or two old, starts when gently touched at the third day, tastes at the end of the first week, and strong odors cause contortions during the first hours of life. Food, bath, objects about him, please him during the first month; tears overtake the baby when three weeks old, and smiles come shortly after. Music charms during the second month; then consonants are used for the first time; tickling causes laughter, and objects can be clasped with four fingers. At four months the baby begins to imitate; sits up at the sixth month; stands without support at the ninth month and walks at the age of fifteen months.

"At this period he also laughs, smiles,

gives a kiss, repeats syllables and understands a number of words. From the twentieth to the twenty-fourth month he executes orders on command, tries to sing, beat time and dance to music. At the age of three the child walks upstairs unaided and speaks distinctly. He begins to ask questions.

"The subnormal child has not developed in this way. 'He is indifferent,' say the parents. That sums up the whole situation—he is different from normal."

According to available statistics, says Dr. Bryson, there are two feeble minded persons to every thousand inhabitants, and to every five or six hundred there are five or six children not capable of being educated by the ordinary methods of instruction. Feeble-minded children, she adds, are generally fond of music, "can often sing, even when unable to talk, can play on some musical instrument alone or with others." For such she recommends special physical exercises, which tend to awaken the creative faculties of the mind.

The symptoms of the subnormal mind cannot be classified, from the very nature of things, as are the actions of a normal child, "What constitutes a backward or deficient child?" asks Dr. Bryson. "How can you tell one when you see one? Not in an offhand way; yet there is something that stamps the child as different from his fellows. The lack of command over himself suggests illness to the inexperienced. Some, perhaps, many, of the stigmata of degeneration may be present, physical signs of imperfection, that lead the observer to infer the quality of the individual. The roof of the mouth may be high and narrow, the teeth irregular and misshapen, the lobe of the ear attached to the side of the head, the arms too long in proportion to bodily height, or the hands and feet may show abnormalities of structure.

"At the same time it must be remembered that it is not how a child looks that classifies him, but what he does, what he loves and seeks."—*New York Tribune*.



## HER NEW LANGUAGE

She possessed a mind discerning,  
That was stored and crammed with learning,

And her thoughts, for ever burning,  
She could suitably express.  
All her sentences were rounded,  
And her words imposing sounded;  
I was really quite astounded  
As I listened, I confess.

It was rather an infliction,  
All this verbal unrestriction,  
But her elegance of diction,

Each precise and polished phrase,  
And the beautiful selection  
Of the words and their connection—  
And her most correct inflection—  
They were quite beyond all praise.

But I saw her very lately,  
And she did not talk ornately;  
All that language suave and stately  
She no longer kept on tap.  
She was saying: "Bessums diddums!  
Where de bad old pin got hiddums  
In her muzzer's precious kiddums?"  
To the baby in her lap.

## THE MOSHER BOOKS

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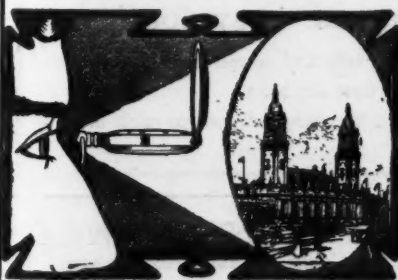


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### WHEN WOMEN ARE JURORS

PRELIMINARY TO THE TRIAL.

Defendant's Lawyer: Your name, madame?

First Juror: I don't see why you need my name.

D. L.: It is necessary. Your name, please?

F. J.: Mary Louise Irma Ethelwyne Smythe—not Smith, remember. I am a Brinskerhoff-Van Rensselaer. Our family was very much opposed to my marrying a Smythe for you see—

D. L.: That is sufficient, madame. Your age?

F. J.: Sir-r-r?

D. L.: I said your age.

F. J. (blushing): Twenty-three.

D. L.: Have you read anything about the case in the papers?

F. J.: No, I haven't had time yet. You see I belong to a club and we are getting up an entertainment, and so I haven't been able to touch a paper for an age.

D. L. (smiling): Very well. Are you prepared, then, to give an unbiased opinion on the case?

F. J.: Oh, of course. My husband says I am one of the fairest women he ever met. I am never prejudiced, even if I don't like the looks of a person. I—

D. L. (to clerk): Call the next taleswoman.

Clerk calls Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. B. (to lawyer, indignantly): I am not a saleswoman, sir! No member of my family is in trade, sir.

D. L.: You misunderstood me, madame; I merely applied to you the technical term—taleswoman. That is what every woman becomes when she enters the jury box to be examined.

Mrs. B.: Well, I don't want to waste my time in this horrid court. I'm going to tea this afternoon.

Judge: Mrs. Brown is excused.

Clerk calls Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. J.: I beg to be excused. I am right in the midst of dressmaking, preparing for the summer, and the modiste is waiting now to fit me.

Judge: A trivial excuse; you must serve.

Clerk calls Mrs. Doe.

Mrs. D.: My baby swallowed a pin this morning, and I must go right home and attend to the child.

Judge: Mrs. Doe is excused.

After seven hundred and eighty-nine ladies are examined a jury is secured.

AT THE TRIAL.

In the Jury Box:

No. 1 (to No. 2): I'm disgusted. I had a luncheon on for to-day and had to send a regret.

No. 2: Oh, well, this will be more interesting. I was going to the matinee this afternoon but this trial is sure to be livelier than the play.

No. 2: What do you think of the prisoner's looks?

No. 4: She is horribly made up.

No. 3: And a woman with an atrocious make-up like that would do anything. I believe her guilty.

No. 2: What a hideous hat she has on.

No. 1: And her jacket is a vile fit.

No. 6: Isn't the district attorney handsome?

No. 5: Oh, I think the defendant's lawyer much better looking.

Judge: Silence in the juror's box. The Court cannot hear the testimony.

Jurors (indignantly fluttering): The nasty thing! He hasn't the instincts of a gentleman. The idea! as if we can't while away with a chat a few minutes during this stupid testimony. Who cares a rap about what the deed was done with? I believe the Judge would commit murder himself.

Silence in the box for a few seconds.

No. 4: Oh, see Bob Jones—just came in the door. Isn't he a dear (waves hand at newcomer).

No. 3: Who's that man with him?

No. 1: Hush! this new witness talks so low I can't hear him, you make so much noise.

Chorus of Jurors: The idea!!

All edge away from No. 1.

No. 2 (to No. 3): Who is she, anyway?

No. 3: Oh, she belongs to the Blank Club. I think her husband is a plumber.

No. 2: What horrid things one has to meet nowadays.

No. 3: Oh, well, we don't need to speak to her if we meet her after this.

No. 6: I am dying for something

to eat. I wonder when we can have lunch?

No. 5: I guess they'll give us something good when it does come.

No. 8: I'm going to take a little nap. Wake me up when there's anything doing.

No. 7: Me, too.

No. 9: Here's a new witness. What a homely face he has.

No. 10: His clothes are rather nice.

No. 11: He's a barber; has a shop near our house.

No. 3: Barber, indeed! That's my husband.

No. 12: I do wish you'd stop your noise, ladies, for a minute. I haven't been able to follow the testimony once during the trial.

Ten lorgnettes leveled at impertinent interrupter.

No. 2 (to No. 3): Who is she?

No. 3: Husband is an editor.

No. 2: Well, all I can say is, I shall never serve on a jury again if one has to mix up with this kind of people.

No. 5: And when the trials are so dull one might as well be at home reading a novel!—San Francisco Town Talk.

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## THE STOCK MARKET

After its recent spell of fictitious and utterly misleading activity, the stock market has again relapsed into superlative, monotonous dullness. The professional continues to determine the course of quotations. There's no resistance to his sway. The opposing factions are leaderless and dissatisfied. Nowhere does there seem to be any reasonable hope for a return to better conditions in the near future. There's no incentive to active, aggressive trading on either side.

Every other day certain small cliques endeavor to boost a few discredited issues. In the past week, Amalgamated Copper, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, United States Steel and American Smelting and Refining shares were alternately taken in hand and advanced a point or two. In the case of Brooklyn Rapid Transit we were treated to a revival of the ancient, pleasant story of largely increasing traffic on the company's lines, caused by the opening of more summer resorts and the continued growth of Brooklyn's population. This is a sort of bull argument that could with equal force and logic be applied to every other stock on the list. It could be said, for instance, that United States Steel preferred and common are good shares to buy, because five years from now there will be more consumers, and, perhaps, another fine, well-fleeced flock of "lambs" to buy its shares.

As was said in this place many weeks ago, Brooklyn Rapid Transit is a promising stock to buy and hold for a long pull, but not for speculation for a quick turn when bulls are hiding in the underbrush, and the public is indisposed to re-enter the lists of buyers. The company has a growing property, and should eventually be able to pay a dividend to stockholders, but for the present there's no pressing inducement to "load up" with its shares, even though it may be conceded that prevailing quotations look attractive, compared with what prices were a year or two ago. In due time, Brooklyn Rapid Transit will be given another interesting bull twist. It is a great favorite with daring manipulators. It lends itself readily

to skillful, unscrupulous rigging. Its speculative merits or demerits were vividly brought to light at the time when the late R. P. Flower made it rise from about 20 to 137. However, for some time to come the stock should and probably will be allowed to shift for itself the best it may. It will again be under the demonstrative domination of a clique as soon as the bulls have resumed possession of the entire field of speculation.

The movements in the steel shares continue to mystify. They are impossible of diagnosis. There must be a good-sized short interest in the preferred stock, but this does not seem to make attempts at a lifting of value any the more successful. Very little appreciation is quickly followed by renewed declines and weakness. In the last few days there have been slightly more encouraging reports from Pittsburg in regard to the iron and steel trade. These, however, are viewed with considerable suspicion in well-informed quarters. Judging by the present state of general trade, it is hard to see where any decided betterment in iron and steel business could be looked for this year. The United States Steel issues deserve to be watched with close attention. They must be regarded as a fairly reliable index of changes in industrial and speculative conditions. Evidence of more confident and persistent buying in the shares would promptly be construed as an indication of improvement and favorably influence the entire list.

There is a great plethora of money in London and Paris. In spite of this, however, speculative markets there fail to evidence anything like a consistent degree of resiliency. In the last few days, British consols suffered from liquidation. Kaffirs dropped to a disquieting extent, and Russian and Japanese bonds were likewise on the down-grade. The Bank of France's last weekly statement well reflected the arrivals of gold from America. Its hoard of the yellow metal increased by almost 150,000,000 francs. A further moderate gain would lead to a smashing of all past high records of this great institution.

As long as Russia and Japan are at war it would be futile to look for any marked improvement in European markets. The speculative world in Paris and London is more deeply involved in this desperate and epoch-making struggle than is commonly supposed on this side. London would be badly hit by a Japanese debacle, and so would Paris in the event of a final disastrous defeat for Russia. The French have invested thousands of millions of francs in Russian securities, and it is known that the English have been advancing heavy sums to the Japanese government in recent times. Financial complications of this kind, together with conjectures as to possible political changes, suffice to keep speculative activity on European stock exchanges at a low ebb. If, as many competent authorities believe, the war should last well into 1905, there may yet be some most unpleasant surprises, alarms and scares in the financial markets of the whole civilized world. People should bear in mind that Russia and Japan are engaged in a conflict

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should see strong reason to keep out of the market. There's no use to buy stocks when prospects are excellent that the purchases may have to be carried at a loss for an indefinite length of time.

## LOCAL SECURITIES.

The past week's trading in the St. Louis market was on a small scale. Hardly any attention was paid to the few bank and trust company shares which were so active only two weeks ago. Price changes were small and uninteresting. The apathy of summer is gradually creeping over the Stock Exchange on Fourth street. Traders show but perfunctory interest in proceedings. It



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is being recognized that a decisive upward movement is out of the question, and will be until fall.

St. Louis Transit continues to sell in small lots at 13 $\frac{3}{8}$  and 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ . United Railways preferred is lower. The last bid was 56; offerings are making at 57. The 4 per cent. bonds are also lower. The best bid is 81.

St. Louis Brewing 6s relapsed in price. At one time they sold at 95. At this writing, 94 $\frac{1}{4}$  is bid for them. For Kinlock 6s 107 is asked.

For Commonwealth Trust, 263 $\frac{3}{4}$  is bid, for Mississippi 320. for Lincoln 195, for Missouri 117 $\frac{3}{8}$ . Merantile is offering at 335 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

For Simmons Hardware first preferred 125 is asked, for the second preferred 123, for common 100. Laclede Gas common is obtainable at 100, Central Coal and Coke common at 61. The movements of the last-named stock, in the last few days, were suggestive of adroit manipulation.

Bank clearances still show gains in this burg. There's better inquiry for funds from country customers. Interest rates continue steady at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Sterling is a trifle firmer, the last quotation being \$4.87 $\frac{1}{4}$ . For drafts on New York a premium of 65 cents is asked.



ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

R. R. O.—Would recommend selling Erie at point named. Recent tales of buying by Hill and others altogether fakish. You should be able to buy back at a lower price later on.

E. T., Nashville, Tenn.—Consider Missouri Pacific trust 5s, of 1917, a good investment. You need not look for much of a decline from current quotations.

A. F. J., Decatur, Ill.—Would not be in haste to buy United Railways 4s. Better wait. Present prices anything but tempting.

D. R. Y., Ft. Scott, Kans.—Sell your Smelting common. Advance won't hold. Movement due to rumors of various sorts that cannot be verified.

Subscriber.—Better drop your Norfolk & Western common. It is not much of a speculation, anyway. Would advise holding Rock Island 4s.



There used to live in Kentucky an old man called Fawcett Jones. Fawcett drank to excess, and he used to declare that whisky was meat and drink to him. But one hot summer night he drank so much that he fell into a puddle on the way home, and in this puddle he lay snoring until dawn.

A clergyman who had risen early found him with his head in the mud and his legs and body in the water, and the good man woke him up.

"Aha," he said, "so whisky is meat and drink to you, is it, Fawcett?"

Fawcett rose to his feet and began to wring out his clothes.

"It certainly is," he said, "and washing and lodging, too, sir."



"There isn't very much to eat," said the Eskimo hostess, as she handed a candle to each guest, "just light refreshments."—Ex.

THE FIRST BASE BALL GAME

The first newspaper report of a baseball game that I remember reading was an account of a game played at Hoboken, N. J., in 1859. It appeared in an illustrated weekly, and was such a novel and interesting event that the weekly gave a double-page illustration.

There were no baseball schedules in those days, and nobody lay awake nights hatching up reasons why Harvard should not play Princeton and why Yale should play Pennsylvania. All that was needed was an occasion such as a Fourth of July celebration, a county fair, a house raising, or some other event of that nature. The occasion for this particular game was the entertainment given to a team of English cricketers then touring this country and defeating "United States" twenty-twos" with commendable regularity. We had evolved a game from the old English "rounders," which we called baseball, and we wanted to show our cousins what a high old game it was.

It may have been the "humors of the day" editor who wrote the report, which was as follows:

"Baseball differs from cricket especially in there being no wickets. The bat is held high in the air. When the ball has been struck, the 'outs' try to catch it, in which case the striker is 'out,' or, if they do this, to strike the striker with it when he is running, which likewise puts him 'out.'

"Instead of wickets, there are, at this game, four or five marks called bases one of which, being the one at which the striker stands, is called 'home.'

"As at cricket, the point of the game is to make the most runs between bases; the party which counts the most runs wins the day."

The fact that the reporter thought it necessary to explain how the game was played indicates the extent of the public's knowledge of baseball at that time, and even he wasn't quite sure whether there were four bases or five. When he says a base runner may be put out by hitting him with the ball he makes no mistake, for that was an actual fact, and it was considered a good play on the part of the base runner to draw a throw from the pitcher, for usually the runner would dodge the throw and gambol around the bases, while the fielders were hurrying after the ball. This rule was abolished as soon as the game became popular, for a baseman, instead of touching a runner with the ball, would often "soak" him at short range, which generally brought forth unprintable remarks from the soakee.

The artist in illustrating this game was not far behind the reporter. The picture shows us several hundred spectators, and, with the exception of a few ladies and gentlemen seated in carriages, the only person sitting down in the entire assemblage is the umpire; and, as if to show the perfect tranquility of his mind and his contempt for foul tips, he leans gracefully back in his chair with his legs crossed. The basemen, instead of "playing off," are standing each with one foot on his base, and a base runner is "glued to third," although the pitcher

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HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE.

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Scenes and Groups from Palestine  
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### RACES—RACES

is about to deliver the ball. In short, the general aspect of the field is enough to give a modern baseball captain nervous prostration.—Outing.



"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded, in the costume of 100 years ago, before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband.

"Yes, my dear," said he, meekly.  
"Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked.  
"No, my dear," he replied; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

### OLYMPIC

Mr. J. C. Duff presents Mr. George Edwardes' Latest Musical Play at Daly's Theater, London, entitled  
**A COUNTRY GIRL**

150 Performances in New York. 600 Performances in London.  
Book by James T. Tanner. Lyrics by Adrian Ross.  
Additional Lyrics by Percy Greenbank. Music by Lionel Monckton. Additional Lyrics and numbers by Paul Rubens.  
Produced by The Augustin Daly Musical Co.

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"The Crown of Minstrelsy."

FOUR FAMOUS NELSON COMIQUES.

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The Human Flute.

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in "The Debutante."

Reserved Seats in Hopkins' Pavilion,  
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The Home of Folly.  
THIS WEEK,

Two Frolics Daily  
NEXT WEEK,

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## SOME DISUSED ORGANS

Has anyone ever complimented you on the beauty of your upper eye or inquired after your gills? For, though you may not know it, you number these among the disused features of your body.

In the center of your brain, looking vaguely skyward, lie the atrophied remains of a third eye, which, it is supposed, was actually one of man's useful features at some previous state of development. It is known as the pineal gland, though covered by skin, and is found in an almost perfect condition in certain lizards.

You have four gills or bronchial clefts, which, however, are now closed up and useless. You originally had six, but two of them, by forming into your ear and mouth, respectively, turned themselves to some account. However, before your lungs developed and became fitted to carry on your breathing system, the work was done by the four gills which have, since childhood ceased to develop and become closed up.

Your ears—that is, the outer ones—are quite useless save as ornaments. You could hear just as well without them. All the work of hearing is done by the middle ear, or tympanum, and the internal ear. The outer feature is purely a pleasant sort of finishing touch to your hearing system. The muscles of the outer ear are powerless and not under our control.

Are you aware that you have a miniature grand piano in your auditory nerve, which is tuned up in every note in music? This is known as Corti's organ, and consists of a series of tiny hairs which vibrate on the drum of your ear and enable you to distinguish the differences of sounds.

As sometimes when you strike a note on the piano some ornament in the room will be found to sing with it, so each of these hairs inside your ear vibrates in sympathy with the musical sound corresponding with it.

An appendix is generally a useful thing when applied to books, but man's appendix is not only useless, but very troublesome. This is the remains of an intestine supposed to have formed part of our ancestors. The vermiform appendix, which is absolutely useless, has a nice little disease of its own, which it develops with often fatal results, known as appendicitis. Though many other parts of the body are practically useless, they are supposed to have been useful at some time, but scientists cannot trace that the vermiform appendix was ever of any service to man.

The nails are entirely useless, and toes are quite superfluous. A man could get along as well without toes. In fact, a doctor removed eight of a man's toes without any inconvenience being suffered, and the loser got along quite as well without them.

The teeth are rapidly becoming quite useless. Now that nearly all our food is chopped up for us and we do not have to bite through hard substances teeth are gradually decaying.

The fact that the teeth of our ancestors 400 or 500 years ago were infinitely bigger than our own shows that nature

is gradually taking away these organs.

Tonsils, too, are almost useless and fulfill no serviceable object to the body. People can get along quite well without them, and a very large proportion of the population have had them removed.

Both the hair and the skin have ended their days of usefulness to the human race. The hair was intended to cover our heads from the heat of the sun. We cover up the hair, and by shutting it off from the exposure which nature intended it to have we are gradually but surely losing this adornment, and it is estimated that in time we shall cease to grow it.

As to the skin, it was given us to protect our bodies from the elements. By covering it up with clothing and preventing it getting proper respiration we deprive ourselves of its use. It is not inconceivable that the man of a very remote future period may be not only hairless and toothless, but skinless as well.

The most extraordinary thing to be noted about all this is that those parts of the body which are useless give us the most trouble, while those in constant activity remain quiescent. The teeth, through lack of work, get lazy, as it were, and decay.

The tonsils, having nothing to do, make your life a misery to you through continually swelling until they are removed. The skin, which is useless to civilized man, has a large variety of diseases to vent on us, largely due to its depressed condition.

A man can live without his frontal bone. At a recent accident a workman was struck by a crowbar. The only possibility of saving his life was by excising the frontal bone. The result was that the man survived, without serious injury, though he was conscious of some mental defect.

It is quite possible that an artist, writer or musician would find the effect of the removal to deprive him of the particular faculty of producing his work, but otherwise his brain would be unaffected for its ordinary functions—New York News.

## PHENOMENAL MEMORIES

Many of the greatest men have had phenomenal memories. Caesar knew the names of thousands of soldiers in his legions. A modern man of science often has a prodigious memory for special terminology. Prof. Asa Gray assured me that he could at once recall the names of something like twenty-five thousand plants. Prof. Theodore Gill can do the same for fishes. Our memory for mere words is itself much more extensive than is generally admitted. The average well-to-do child of two years of age has a vocabulary of some five hundred words, and its father may have the command of 20,000 more. The 10,000 verses of the "Rig-Veda" have for 3,000 years been accurately preserved in the memory of the Brahmins. Not one Brahmin alone, but thousands can to-day recite it word for word. Thousands of Mohammedans, likewise, know the Koran by heart, as all learned Chinese know their classic books. The chiefs of Polynesia can and do repeat

## SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European artists that were brought to this country for his visit to Forest Park. The exhibition has never been so complete. The High School is a sample of the rare excellence of programme to be in the hands of the direct re-

## NOBLE WORK

The Civic Improvement League will, this year, through its Play-Committed, add to the list of noble work. These children are the best of the hot sun, and the direct re-

**King of all Bottled Beers**

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hundreds of thousands of words in their genealogies—taking days and even weeks for the recitation.



## LIVING UP TO ONE'S SELF

"I used to wonder when I was young and ingenuous," said the merry philosopher, "why beautiful women were forever prinking. I used to think that they could well afford to leave themselves and their beauty alone, and let the ugly women fuss and fume and spend hours before the mirror trying to make themselves better. Now, of course, I know that beauties don't belong to themselves—they have to live up to their reputations as beauties. They are expected to be always at their best. No one comments upon the fact if the plain looking woman is haggard or pale, or too thin or too fat, but every deviation from perfection on the part of the beauty is noted and censured.

"It's a terrible thing to have to live

up to a standard of that kind. Personally, I am supposed to be good-tempered, and I am, as a rule; but when I frown or lose my regulation expression of unalloyed contentment I can see the disastrous effect it has upon my family and friends. They wouldn't notice the frown of Mary or the asperity of Amelia, but if I, who am staggering under the reputation of being always amiable, dare to look displeased or impatient general consternation, disillusion, and reproachful, injured airs ensue.

"But my case is not as desperate as that of Mrs. Blank, who has a reputation which is making her gray and thin and wrinkled trying to keep pace with it. She has the reputation of carrying her age so well."



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



## SALESWOMEN AND THE MEN

"Men are the best shoppers," say the department store saleswomen. Clerks in nearly all departments find men more easily suited than women, and they are rarely fussy."

"Fix me up a half dozen pair like this," a man will say hurriedly to the girl at the glove counter, "and fix 'em up quick. I want to get out of here." That is the kind of an order the salespeople like. A man shopper nearly always shows more decision than the average woman does; he knows almost at the first glance whether he likes a thing, and when he finds what he wants he takes it without more ado. He takes in the general look of a hat or a parasol and makes his decision without half the fuss over minute differences of style, color, finish, etc., that women plague the clerks with. Besides training gives the man the advantage; he knows the value of time; he is used to making quick, clear cut decisions. He wouldn't think of spending the time shopping that a woman does.

Then men shoppers have a genial way with them that makes them easier to wait on than women are. A man so often has a flattering way of throwing himself on the mercy of the clerk that is ingratiating to say the least. "Now, don't do me because I'm a man," they often say. And then the clerk feels privileged to sell him the highest priced novelty she can persuade him to buy. Men ask advice in such a trusting spirit. "I wonder if my wife would like this pink one?" says a man looking at a filmy pink liberty scarf. "Ah, would you mind holding it up to your face? My wife has eyes something like yours. Do you think she would like it?" The saleswoman tries to seem disinterested—and, of course, she often advises him to the best of her ability—but often she skillfully fixes his preference for the most expensive article she has.

Again, men are always less stiff than women in addressing salespeople. Anything corresponding to the lorgnette stare a man is never guilty of. Apparently it never occurs to them that they are talking over a social chasm in asking to see a point lace collar. The social distinctions that women are always insisting on, and which they often show by an air of condescension to the saleswomen, men never seem to think of. With their larger fund of tolerance and good nature, men treat the woman behind the counter as another human being.

Then the dry goods clerks like men for another reason: They are more generous than women. They rarely haggle over prices and they are easily persuaded to buy the highest priced articles. This greater generosity is probably nothing but false pride disguised under a fair sounding name, but it pleases the salespeople just as much as the nobler quality. Many women count on this pride in their husbands, and when they want to be extravagant in the matter of a hat or a parasol they inveigle their husbands into going with them to select it. When a woman wants to be economical she goes shopping without her husband or brother.

Perhaps the secret of the superior behavior of men in the dry goods stores is that they feel out of place there. Most men act as if they were ashamed to be caught in a department store. You often see them glance conspicuously out of the corners of their eyes, mop damp foreheads and blush and stammer when they try to tell the clerks what they want. At such times women feel avenged for men's criticism of their awkwardness in banks and other places of similar business. Men, feeling a little embarrassed and out of their element, in fact, at a disadvantage, as a bachelor does holding his first nephew, behave extra well simply because they feel slightly overpowered by their surroundings, a little cowed by the sea of femininity about them.

But men really show good sense and judgment in buying even articles that they know little about. They always want things big enough—gloves, shoes, coats—they favor breathing room always. They recognize strong designs, too; they know when a thing is well cut. When they are buying for their own families they favor substantial articles rather than novelties; when they are buying for their women friends they are often extravagant in the flimsiness of the stuffs they select.

Men are not always good natured and sensible, however. Occasionally, a man comes in who is real "henry," as the clerks say. The man who goes shopping with his wife sometimes belongs to this variety. So, too, occasionally does the man who makes a practice of selecting his wife's dresses and coats and surprising her. Of course the poor thing is overjoyed to get something to wear, and the mere fact that Henry chose a green gown when every last thing she possesses is blue cannot matter much. But, after all, the man who buys in this spirit is rare. —Chicago Tribune.



### JUST A STRAW

It is remarkable how easily the judgment of the strongest mind is swayed. One of the rich men of New York got his first \$50,000 in a peculiar way. An insider gave to him a tip on Sugar at a time when that pyrotechnic was at the height of its career as an uncertain factor in speculation. Getting together every dollar he could rake, scrape and borrow, he started for Wall street to sell short 1,000 shares. It was the only absolutely sure leadpipe cinch he had ever tackled. Two pretty young women occupied seats opposite him in the elevated car, chattering like magpies, "Oh, what do you think, papa gave me this morning?" said one. "You'd never guess, so I might as well tell you. He gave me 500 shares of Sugar stock and told me not to sell a single share until it went up fifty points. Papa, you know, is a very intimate friend of Mr. Havemeyer." When our friend reached the street he bought 1,000 shares of Sugar instead of selling 1,000—without mentioning the fact to his inside acquaintance. Sugar went up seventy-two points.—New York Press.



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The infirmities of old age are successfully combated by the use of

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—The Food-Drink.

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Connection with all Steamship Lines to and from New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Norfolk

**TICKET OFFICE**  
Broadway and Chestnut  
**W. P. DEPPE,**  
CHIEF ASST. GEN'L. PASS. AGENT.

"And they gathered themselves together in cities."

### URBAN POPULATION IN 1900.

The growth in the population of a country and the manner of its distribution among cities, villages and the rural districts is always an interesting field for study and investigation. The

#### NEW YORK CENTRAL'S

"Four-Track Series" No. 13 gives the population of all cities in the United States of more than 8,000 inhabitants according to the census of 1900, and a comparative table showing the population in 1890. It also contains two maps in colors.

A copy of No. 13, "Urban Population in 1900," sent free, post-paid, to any address on receipt of a postage stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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